# A FEAST FOR WORMES.

## SET FORTH IN A POEME OF THE HISTORY OF IONAH.

By FRA. QVARLES.




*This Naked Pourtraiture before thine Eye,*
*Is Wretched, helpleſſe* MAN, MAN *borne to Die:*
*On either ſide, an* ANGELL *doth protect him*
*As well from* EVILL, *as to* GOOD *direct him:*
*Th'one poynts to* DEATH, *the t'other to a* CROVVNE;
*Who* THIS *attaines, muſt tread the* OTHER *downe:*
*All which denotes the Brieſe of* MANS *Eſtate,*
*That* HEE'S *to goe from* HENCE, *by* THIS, *to* THAT.

---

AT LONDON,
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngſton*, for *Richard Moore*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dunſtans* Church-yard, in Fleetſtreet. 1620.

# TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE, ROBERT, LORD SYDNEY, Baron of *Penſhurſt*, Viſcount *Liſle*, Earle of *Leiceſter*, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the *Garter*.

SIR: two things more eſpeciall haue made me induſtrious to doe your Lordſhip ſeruice: The one is, the loue you did beare to my (long ſince) deceaſed Father; whom (dead) your Lordſhip did pleaſe to honour with your Noble remembrance. The other is, your vndeſerued Fauours, and Honourable Countenance towards me in your paſſage thorow *Germany*, where you haue left in the hearts of men, a *Pyramis* of your Worth. As for the firſt, I am heire to that ſeruice, which my Father, (alwayes obſeruant

ſeruant to your Honour) was ready to performe. As for the ſecond, my ſelfe, in more particular ſtand obliged. In reſpect of both, heere I dedicate my ſelfe, and theſe few leaues to your truly-Noble Selfe, hoping your Lordſhip will vaile my boldneſſe in your good acceptance, and crowne my labours with your approbation:

SIR,
*Your Lordſhips truly*
*obſeruant,*

FRA. QVARLES.

# TO THE READER.

*Reader, I fairely ſalute thee:*

*I Liſt not to tyre thy patient eares with vnneceſſary* language *(the abuſe of complement.) My mouth's no* Dictionary: *it onely ſerues as a needfull* Commentary, *vpon the obſcure* Text *of my meaning.*

*I haue heere ſent thee the firſt* fruits *of an abortiue* Birth. *It is a dainty* ſubiect, *not Fabulous, but* Truth *it ſelfe.*

*VVonder not at the Title,* (A FEAST FOR WORMES:) *for it is a* Song *of* Mercy: *VVhat greater* FEAST *than* Mercy? *And what are* Men *but* WORMES?

*Moreouer, I haue gleaned ſome few* Meditations, *obuious to the* Hiſtory; *Let me aduiſe thee to keepe the* Taſte *of the* Hiſtory, *whileſt thou readeſt the* Meditations, *and that will make thee* Relliſh *both, the better.*

*Vnderſtanding Reader, fauour me: Gently expound, what it is too late to correct.*

He le va de Golpe, Dios ſea con ella.

*Farewell.*

# THE PROPOSITION OF the whole Worke.

'*Tis not the Record of Great* Hector's *Glory,*
*Whose matchlesse* Valour *makes the* World *a Story;*
*Nor yet the swelling of that* Romans *Name,*
*That onely* Came, *and* Look'd, *and* Ouercame;
*Nor* One, *nor* All *of those braue* Worthies *Nine,*
*(Whose Might was Great, and Acts almost Diuine,*
*That liu'd like* Gods, *but di'de like* Men, *and gone)*
*Shall giue my* Pen *a Taske to treat vpon:*
*I sing the praises of the* King *of* Kings,
*Out of whose* mouth, *a* two-edg'd Smiter *springs,*
*Whose* Words *are* Mystery, *whose* Works *are* Wonder,
*Whose* Eyes *are* Lightning, *and whose* Voyce *is* Thunder,
*Who like a* Curtaine *spreads the* Heauens *out,*
*Spangl'd with* Starres, *in Glory round about:*
'*Tis* Hee *that cleft the furious waues in twaine,*
*Making a* High-way passage *through the* Maine:
'*Tis* He *that turn'd the waters into* Blood,
*And smote the* Rocky stone, *and caus'd a* Flood:
'*Tis* Hee, *that's iustly Armed in his* Ire,
*Behind with* Plagues, *before with* flaming Fire:
*More bright then mid-day* Phœbus, *are his* Eyes,
*And whosoeuer sees his* Visage, Dyes.
*I sing the Praises of* Great Iudah's Lion,
*The fragrant* Flowre *of* Iesse, *the* Lambe *of* Sion,
*Whose* Head *is whiter then the driuen* Snow,
*Whose* Visage *doth like flames of* Fire *Glow:*

*His* Loynes *begirt with Golden* Belt, *His* Eyne
*Like* Titan, *riding in his Southerne* Shine,
*His* Feet *like burning* Braſſe, *and as the noyſe*
*Of ſurgie* Neptunes *roaring, is his* Voyce.
*This is that* Paſchall Lambe, *whoſe deareſt* Blood
*Is ſoueraigne* Drinke, *whoſe* Fleſh *is ſauing* Food:
*His precious* Blood, *the Worthies of the* Earth
*Did drinke, which (though but borne of* Mortall *birth)*
*Returnd them* Deities: *For who drinkes* THIS,
*Shall be receiu'd into* Eternall Bliſſe:
*Himſelfe the* GIFT, *which* HE *himſelfe did giue,*
*His* Stripes *heale vs, and by* HIS Death *we liue:*
HEE *acting* GOD *and* MAN *in double Nature,*
*Did reconcile* Mankind, *and* Mans Creator.
*I, heer's a* TASKE *indeed; If* Mortals *could*
*Not make a Verſe, yet* Rocks *and* Mountaines *would:*
*The* Hils *ſhall daunce, the* Sunne *ſhall ſtop his Courſe,*
*Hearing the* ſubiect *of this* high *Diſcourſe:*
*The* Horſe, *and* Gryphin *ſhall together* ſleepe,
*The* Woolfe *ſhall fawne vpon the ſilly* Sheepe,
*The Crafty* Serpent, *and the Fearfull* Hart
*Shall ioyne in* Conſort, *and each beare a* part,
*And leape for* Ioy, *when my* VRANIA *ſings,*
She *ſings the praiſes of the* KING *of* Kings.

# THE INTRODVCTION.

¶ THat * *Ancient Kingdome*, that old *Aſſur* ſwai'd,
Shew'd two great *Cities*. Ah! but both decai'd,
Both mighty Great, but of vnequall growth;
Both Great in *People*, and in *Building*, both;
But Ah! What hold is there of *Earthly* Good? (ſtood.
Now *Graſſe* growes there, where theſe braue *Cities*
The name of one, Great *Babylon* was hight,
Through which the rich *Euphrates* takes her flight
From High *Armænia* to the *ruddy* Seas,
And ſtores the Land with rich Commodities.
¶ The other *Ninus*, *Niniueh* the *Great*,
So huge a *Fabrick*, and well choſen *Seat*,
Dan *Phœbus* fiery *Steeds* (with Maines becurld,
That circundates in twice twelue houres the *World*)
Ne'r ſaw the like: By Great King * *Ninus* hand,
'Twas raisd and builded, in th' *Aſſyrians* Land,
Which he ſubdude: 'Twas plac'd twixt *riuers* twaine,
*Licus*, and ſwift *Tygris* that runnes amaine:
Begirt ſhe was with *Walls* of wondrous might,
Creeping *twice fifty foot* in meaſur'd height.
Vpon their bredth, (if ought we may relie
On the report of Sage *Antiquity*)
Three *Chariots* fairly might themſelues diſplay,
And ranke together in a *Battell-ray*:
The *Circuit* that her mighty Bulke imbraces,
Containes the mete of *ſixty-thouſand paces*:

* *Aſſyria.*

*Diodor. Siculus, lib. 3. rerum antiqu. c. 4.*

*Pliny, lib. 6. cap. 26. Strabo, lib. 16. princip. Ptolimæus, lib. 6. Geograph. cap. 1*

* *Aſſur. Geneſ. cap. 10. 11.*

*S^t. Auguſt. lib. 15. de ciuit. Dei. Diod. Sic. cap. 1. rerum antiqu.*

*The Situation of the City.*

*The height of the Walls.*

*The Breadth.*

*The Circuit of the City.*

Within her well-fenc't-*walles* you might diſcouer
*The number of her Towers. Diod. Siculus exp. 3. rerum antiquarum.* Fiue hundred ſtately *Towers*, thrice told ouer;
Whereof the higheſt draweth vp the eye,
As well the low'ſt, an hundred *Cubits* hie;
All rich in thoſe things, which to ſtate belong,
*Her beauty and ſtrength.* For beauty, *Braue*, and for munition, *Strong:*
Duly, and daily this *Great worke* was tended
*The number of her workmen. Radulf. Vticenſis.* With *ten thouſand Workmen*; Begun, and ended
In *eight yeeres ſpace*; How beautifull! How faire
Thy Buildings! And how foule thy *Vices* are!
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, double then thy pride,
And let thy Wells of *Ioy* be neuer dri'de,
Thou haſt a *Palace*, that's renown'd ſo much,
The like was *neuer, is*, nor *will* be ſuch.
¶ Thou Land of *Aſſur*, trebble then thy *Woe*,
And let thy *Teares* (doe as thy *Cups*) o'rflow;
For this thy *Palace* of ſo great renowne,
Nah. 3. 15. Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batterd downe.
But cheere vp, *Niniueh*, thine inbred might,
Hath meanes enough to quell thy *Foemans* ſpite:
Thy Bulwarkes are like *Mountaines*, and thy Wall
Diſdaines to ſtoope to thundring *Ordnance* call:
Thy watchfull *Towers* mounted round about,
Keepe thee in ſafety, and thy *Foe-man* out:
I, but thy *Bulwarks* aide, cannot withſtand
The direfull ſtroke of High *Almighties* hand;
Thy Wafer-walles at dread *Iehouah's* blaſt
Shall quake, and quiuer, and ſhall downe be caſt:
Thy watchfull *Towers* ſhall aſleepe be found,
And nod their drowſie *heads* downe to the ground:
Thy Bulwarks are not *Vengeance*-proofe; thy Wall,
When *Iuſtice* brandiſheth her Sword, muſt fall:

Thy

Thy lofty *Towers* ſhall be dumbe, and yeeld
To High *Reuenge*; *Reuenge* muſt win the field;
*Vengeance* cries loud from heauen, ſhe cannot ſtay
Her *Fury*, but (impatient of delay)
Hath brim'd her *Vials* full of deadly *Bane*:
Thy *Palace* ſhall be burnt, thy *People* ſlaine:
Thy *Heart* is hard as *Flint*, and ſwolne with pride, *The ſinnes of Niniueh.*
Thy murth'rous *Hands* with guiltleſſe *blood* are dy'de;
Thy ſilly *Babes* doe ſtarue for want of *Food*,
Whoſe tender *Mothers* thou haſt drench't in *Blood*:
*Women with child*, lie in the ſtreets about,
Whoſe *Braines* thy ſauage *hands* haue daſhed out:
Diſtreſſed *Widowes* weepe, (but weepe in vaine)
For their deare *Husbands*, whom thy *hands* haue ſlaine:
By one mans *Force*, another man's deuour'd,
Thy *Wiues* are rauiſht, and thy *Maids* deflowr'd,
Where *Iuſtice* ſhould, there *Tort* and *Bribes* are plac't:
Thy' *Altars* defild, and *holy things* defac't:
Thy *Lips* haue taſted of proud *Babels* Cup,
What *thou* haſt left, thy *Children* haue drunke vp:
Thy bloody *ſinnes*, thine *Abels* guiltleſſe *blood*
Cries vp to heauen for *Vengeance*, cries aloud:
Thy *Sinnes* are ripe, and ready for the *Sickle*.
Heere rouze thy ſelfe, my *Pen*, and breathe a little.

# THE ARGVMENT OF THE HISTORY.

[a] Chap. 1. 1. 2. GOd [a] *ſent* Ionah *the Prophet, to the* Nineuites, *to denounce his* Iudgements *againſt them for their* ſinnes: [b] *but* Ionah *tooke ſhipping, intending to fly to* Tarſhiſh: [c] God *raiſed a* Storme, *which indangered the* Ship: [d] *Whereupon the* Mariners *(perplext)* [e] *did caſt* Lots, *to ſee for whoſe ſake the* Tempeſt *was: The* Lot *fell vpon* Ionah, [f] They *all conſented, and caſt* Ionah *into the* Sea: [g] *But God prouided a* Whale, *which receiued* Ionah, *and ſwallowed him, in whoſe* Belly *he continued* three Dayes, *and* three Nights: *Where* ([h] He *praying* to God) [i] God *at length ſpake to the* Whale, *and the* Whale *did caſt him vpon dry* Land *ſafe and ſound:* [k] *So* God *commanded* Ionah *the ſecond time, to goe and denounce his* Iudgements *againſt the* Niniuites. [l] *So* Ionah *went to* Niniueh [m] *and prophecied, that (vpon the expiring of* forty dayes) Niniueh *ſhould be deſtroyed:* [n] *Whereupon the* Niniuites *beleeued;* [o] *And the* King *cauſed a* Faſt *to bee proclaimed,* [p] *ſo that* God *likewiſe repented of the* Euill *that* He *had intended to haue done them:* [q] *Vpon which,* Ionah *was* diſcontented, [r] *Deſired to* die, [s] *Went out of the* City, *& lay without the* Gate, *to ſee what would become of* Niniueh *after the forty dayes:* [t] *There he made him a* Booth *of reeds and boughes, to guard him from the extremity of the* heat *of the* Sunne,

[b] 1. 3. [c] 1. 4. [d] 1. 5. [e] 1. 6. [f] 1. 15. [g] 1. 17. [h] Chap. 2. 2. [i] 2. 10. [k] Chap. 3. 1. 2. [l] 3. 3. [m] 3. 4. [n] 3. 5. [o] 3. 7. [p] 3. 10. [q] Chap. 4. 1. [r] 4. 3. [s] 4. 5. [t] 4. 5.

Sunne, *and* Wind: *But the heat of the* Sunne, *and the fer-*
*uency of the* Wind *ſtrait wither'd it:* [u] *Whereupon* God [u] 4. 6.
*raiſed vp a* Gourd, *which gaue him much content.* [*] *But the* [*] 4. 7.
*next morning,* God *ſent a* Worme *which did eate it to the*
*ground:* [x] *So* Ionah *grew againe into* paſſion, *for the loſſe* [x] 4. 8.
*of the* Gourd, *wiſht to* die, [y] *And iuſtified his* Anger: [y] 4. 9.
[z] *Whereupon* God *deputes with* Ionah, *framing his argu-* [z] 4. 10.
*ment,* à minore ad maius, viz. *That if thou* (Ionah) *hadſt*
*ſo much compaſſion, and grieued ſo much for the loſſe of a*
*trifling* Gourd, *Should not* I *(that am the* God *of mercy)* [*] 4. 11.
*take Compaſſion vpon ſo* Great *a City?*

TO

# TO THE MOST HIGH:

## *HIS*

## HVMBLE SERVANT IMPLORES

## *HIS*

## *FAVOVRABLE ASSISTANCE.*

O *All-ſufficient God*, Great *Lord* of *Light*,
Without whoſe Gracious *ayde*, & cõſtant *Sprite*,
No *labours* proſper (howſoe're begun)
But flie like *Miſts* before the morning *Sun*:
O raiſe my *thoughts*, and cleare my *Apprehenſion*,
Infuſe thy *Spirit* into my weake *Invention*:
Reflect thy *Beames* vpon my feeble *Eyes*,
Shew me the *Mirrour* of thy *Myſteries*;
My Art-leſſe *Hand*, my humble *Heart* Inſpire,
Inflame my frozen *Tongue* with holy Fire:
Rauiſh my ſtupid *Senſes* with thy *Glory*;
Sweeten my *Lips* with ſacred *Oratory*:
And (thou O FIRST and LAST) aſſiſt my *Quill*,
That *firſt* and *laſt*, I may performe thy *Will*:
My ſole *intent's* to blazon forth thy *Praiſe*;
My Ruder *Pen* expects no *Crowne* of *Bayes*.
Suffice it then, Thine *Altar* I haue kiſt:
Crowne me with *Glory*, and take the *Bayes* that liſt.

# A FEAST FOR WORMES.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Word of God to* Ionah *came,*
*Commanded* Ionah *to proclaime,*
*The vengeance of his Maiesty,*
*Against the sinnes of Ninevy.*

*Historia Ione incipit.*

*Sect.* 1.

THE Dreadfull Word of God, his high Decree, Chap. 1. vers. 1.
That aye remaines, and cannot frustrate bee,
Came down to *Ionah*, from the heuens aboue,
Came downe to * *Ionah*, heauens anoynted (Doue, * *Jonah interp. is a Doue.*
*Ionah*, the flowre of old *Amittais* youth,
*Ionah*, the Prophet, Sonne, and Heire to * Truth, * *Amittai interp. is Truth.*
The blessed Type of him, that di'de for vs,
That Word came to him, and bespake him thus,
" Arise, trusse vp thy loynes, make all things meet, Vers. 2. *Gods charge to Ionah.*
" And put thy Sandalls on thy hasty feet,
" Gird vp thy reynes, and take thy staffe in hand,
" Make no delay, but goe, where I command;

" Me pleaſes not to ſend thee *(Ionah)* downe,
" To ſweet Gath-Hepher, thy deare natiue Towne,
" Whoſe tender paps, with plenty ouerflow,
" Nor yet vnto thy brethren ſhalt thou goe,
" Amongſt the Hebrewes, where thy ſpredden fame
" Fore-runnes the welcome of thine honor'd name.
" No, I'le not ſend thee thither: Vp, Ariſe,
" And goe to Nineueh, where no allyes,
" Nor conſanguinity preſerues thy blood,
" To Nineueh, where ſtrangers are withſtood:
" To Nineueh, a City farre remou'd
" From thine acquaintance, where tha'rt not belou'd:
" I ſend thee to Mount Sinay; not Mount Sion,
" Not to a gentle Lambe, but to a Lion:
Ier. 20. 3. " Ne yet to *Lydia*, but to bloody * *Paſſur*,
" Not to the land of *Canan*, but of *Aſſur*,
" Whoſe language will be riddles to thine eares,
" And thine againe will be as ſtrange to theirs;
" I ſay, to *Nineueh*, the worlds great Hall,
" The Monarchs ſeat, high Court Imperiall:
" But terrible Mount *Sinay* will affright thee,
" And *Paſhurs* heauy hand is bent to ſmite thee:
" The Lions rore, the people's ſtrong and ſtout,
" The Bulwarkes ſtand afront to keepe thee out.
" Great *Aſhur* minaces with whip in hand,
" To entertaine thee (welcome) to his land.
" What then? Ariſe, be gone; ſtay not to thinke:
" Bad is the cloth, that will in wetting ſhrinke.
" What then, if cruell *Paſhur* heape on ſtrokes?
" Or *Sinay* blaſt thee with her ſulph'rous ſmokes?
" Or *Aſhur* whip thee? Or the Lions rent thee?
" P'ſh; on with courage; I, the Lord haue ſent thee:

Away,

" Away, away, lay by thy fooliſh pity,
" And goe to *Niniueh* that mighty City:
" Cry lowd againſt it, let thy dreadfull voice
" Make all the City eccho with the noyſe:
" Not like a *Doue*, but like a Dragon goe,
" Pronounce my iudgement, and denounce my *Woe:*
" Make not thine head a fountaine full of teares,
" To weepe in ſecret for her ſinnes: Thine eares
" Shall heare ſuch things, wil make thine eyes run ouer,
" Thine eyes ſhall ſmart with what they ſhall diſcouer:
" Spend not in priuate, thoſe thy zealous drops,
" But hew, and hacke; ſpare neither trunke, nor lops:
" Make heauen, & earth rebound, whē thou diſcharges,
" Plead not like *Paul*, but roare like *Boanarges:*
" Let not the beauty of the buildings bleare thee,
" Nor let the terrours of the Rampiers feare thee:
" Let no man bribe thy fiſt, (I well aduiſe thee)
" Nor foule meanes force thee, nor let faire entice thee:
" Ramme vp thine eares: Thy heart of ſtone ſhall bee;
" Be deafe to them, as they are deafe to thee:
" Goe cry againſt it. If they aske thee, Why?
" Say, God of heauen commanded thee to cry:
" In ſtead of prayers, and duties they ſhould doe me,
" Behold, their wickedneſſe is mounted to me:
" The fatneſſe of their fornication fryes
" On coales of raging luſt, and vpward flies,
" And makes me ſicke: I heare the mournfull grones
" And heauy ſighs of ſuch, whoſe aking bones
" Th'oppreſſor grindes: Alas, their grones implore me,
" Their pray'rs, and their oppreſſions come before me:
" Behold, my children they haue ſlaine, and kill'd,
" And bath'd their hands within the blood they ſpill'd:

" The ſteame of guiltleſſe blood makes ſuit vnto me,
" The voice of many bloods is mounted to me;
" The vile prophaner of my ſacred Names,
" He teares my titles, and mine honour maimes,
" Makes Reth'rick of an oath, ſweares, and forſweares,
" Recks not my Mercy, nor my Iudgement feares:
" They eat, they drink, they ſleepe, they tyre the Day
" In wanton dalliance, and delightfull play.
" Heauens winged Herald *Ionas*, vp, and goe
" To mighty Niniueh, Denounce my woe;
" Aduance thy voice, and when thou haſt aduanc't it,
" Spare Shrub, nor Cedar, but cry out againſt it:
*Explicit Hiſt.* " I come my Selfe with plagues, Goe thou afore me,
" For all their wickedneſſe is come before me.

---

*Apolog. Authoris.*

IT was my morning Muſe; And for her ſake
I thus apply my ſelfe to vndertake
This ſerious taske, (A taske for Doctors Muſe
To ſpend vpon) Then let me pleade excuſe:
For as good Phyſicke will not bate his force,
And (being well appli'd) prooue ne're the worſe,
Though giuē by hands, that could nor reade, nor write,
That skill not how, nor need not know t'apply't:
So this (perchance) may make another keene,
Though I, and it be blunt (as whetſtones beene.)

---

*Applicatio.*

TO thee (*Malfido*) now I turne my Quill,
That God is ſtill that God, and will be ſtill.

The

# A Feaſt for Wormes.

The painfull Paſtors take vp *Ionà's* roome:
And thou the Niniuite, to whom they come.

---

*Meditatio prima.*

HOw great's the loue of God vnto his creature?
Or is his Wiſedome, or his Mercy greater?
I know not whether: O th'exceeding loue
Of higheſt God! that from his Throne aboue,
Will ſend the brightneſſe of his Grace to thoſe
That grope in Darkneſſe, and his Grace oppoſe:
He helpes, prouides, inſpires, and freely giues,
As pleas'd to ſee vs rauell out our liues.
He giues vs from the heape, He meaſures not,
Nor deales (like *Manna*) each his ſtinted lot,
But daily ſends the Doctors of his Spouſe,
(With ſuch like oyle as from the Widowes cruſe
Iſſued forth) in fulneſſe, without waſting,
Where plenty may be had, yet plenty laſting.
I, there is care in heauen, and heauenly ſprights,
That guides the world, & guards poore mortall wights.
There is; elſe were the miſerable ſtate
Of Man, more wretched and vnfortunate
Than ſauage beaſts: But O th'abounding loue
Of higheſt God! whoſe Angels from aboue
Diſmount the Towre of Bliſſe, fly to and fro,
Aſſiſting wretched man, their deadly foe.
What thing is Man, that Gods regard is ſuch?
Or why ſhould he loue retchleſſe Man ſo much?
Why? what are men? But quicken'd lumps of earth?
A feaſt for wormes, A bubble full of mirth,
A looking-glaſſe for griefe, A flaſh, A minnit,

A painted Toombe, with putrifaction in it:
A mappe of Death; A burthen of a ſong:
A winters Duſt; A worme of fiue foot long:
Begot in ſinne; In darkneſſe nouriſht: Borne
In ſorrow, Naked, Shiftleſſe, and forlorne:
His firſt voice (heard) is crying for reliefe.
Alas! He comes into a world of griefe:
His Age is ſinfull, and his Youth is vaine,
His life's a puniſhment, his Death's a paine:
His life's an howre of Ioy, a world of Sorrow,
His death's a winters night, that findes no morrow:
Mans life's an Houreglaſſe, which being run,
Concludes that houre of Ioy, and ſo is dun.
¶ *Ionah* muſt goe: Nor is this charge alone
To *Ionah* giuen, but giuen to euery one.
You Magiſtrates, ariſe, and take delight
In dealing Iuſtice, and maintaining right:
There lies your *Nineueh*. Merchants, ariſe,
Away, and to your Ships, and Merchandiſe.
Artificers, ariſe, and ply your ſhops,
And worke your trade, and eate your meat with drops.
*Paul*, to thy Tents, and *Peter*, to thy Net,
And all muſt goe that way which God hath ſet.
¶ Grant, liefeſt Lord, for our Deare *Borrow* ſake,
Thy loue, in ſending to vs, neuer ſlake:
Encreaſe ſucceſſion in thy Prophets liew,
For loe, thy Harueſt's great, and Workmen few.

THE ARGVMENT.

*But* Ionah *toward Tharſis went,*
*A Tempeſt doth his courſe preuent:*
*The Mariners are ſore oppreſt,*
*While* Ionah *ſleepes, and takes his reſt.*

*Sect.* 2.

BVt *Ionah* thus bethought: The City's great, *Hiſt.* Chap. 1. verſ. 3.
And mighty *Aſhur* ſtands with deadly threat,
Their hearts are hardned, ỳ they cannot heare:
Will greene wood burne, when ſo vnapt's the ſeire?
Strange is the charge: Shall I goe to a place
Vnknowne, and forraine? Aye me! hard's the caſe,
That righteous Iſr'el muſt be thus neglected, *Prima occaſio fugæ.*
When Miſcreants and Gentiles are reſpected:
How might I hope my words ſhall there ſucceed, 2. *Occaſio.*
Which thriue not with the flocke I daily feed?
Moreo're I weet, the Lord is wondrous kind, 3. *Occaſio.*
And ſlow to wrath, and apt to change his mind
Vpon the leaſt repentance: Then ſhall I
Be deem'd as falſe, and ſhame my Propheſie.
O heauie burthen of a doubtfull mind!
Where ſhall I goe, or which way ſhall I wind?
My heart like *Ianus*, looketh to and fro:
My Credit bids me, Stay; my God bids, Goe:
If Goe; my labour's loſt, my ſhame's at hand:
If Stay; Lord! I tranſgreſſe my Lords command:

If

If goe; from bad eſtate, to worſe, I fall:
If ſtay; I ſlide from bad, to worſt of all.
My God bids goe, my credit bids me ſtay;
My guilty feare bids fly another way.
So *Ionah* ſtraight aroſe, himſelfe bedight
With fit acoutrements, for haſty flight:
In ſtead of ſtaffe, he tooke a Shipmans weed;
In ſtead of going, loe, he flies with ſpeed.
*Simile.* Like as a Hawke (that ouermatcht with might,
Doing ſad penance for th'vnequall fight,
(Anſw'ring the Faulkners ſecond ſhout) does flee
From fiſt; turnes tayle to Fowle, and takes a tree:
So *Ionah* baulks the place where he was ſent
* *Ciuitas Paleſt.* (To Nineueh) and downe to *Iaffa went;
He ſought, enquired, and at laſt he found
A welcome Ship, that was to Tharſis bound,
Where he may fly the preſence of the Lord:
He makes no ſtay, but ſtraightway goes aboord,
His haſty purſe for bargaine finds no leiſure,
(Where ſin delights, ther's no account of treaſure:)
Nor did he know, nor aske, how much his Fare:
He gaue: They tooke; all parties pleaſed are:
(How thriftleſſe of our coſt, and paines, are we,
O bleſſed God of heauen, to fly from thee!)
Now haue the Pilots drunke their parting cup,
And ſome (with Sailors tune) are hoyſting vp,
Others the while, the faithfull Anchor wey,
The Ship, (as loth to leaue her quiet key,)
Creepes eaſly off, and (with directed courſe)
She glides along the ſhore with gentle force;
And now the whiſtling wind begins to dally
With *Aura's* fanne: Now ſtronger guſts doe ſally

Forth,

Forth, rudely playing on the hollow ſaile,
And from the Mountaines blowes a luſty Gale:
She mounts the billowes with a lofty grace,
And now ſhe cuts the Deepe, and ſcuds apace
From land; from whence (vnwilling) ſhe was driuen,
Nothing's perceiued now but Sea, and heauen; *The Tempeſt.*
Betwixt them both, the bluſtring winds doe play,
The waues know not which Maſter to obey:
For now the Eaſt wind mutin's with the Weſt,
And now the Weſt wind counterbuffes the Eaſt,
And now the hollow *Boreas* roares amaine,
And vexed *Notus* thwarts the North againe:
Thus croſſely croſt, they threaten in reuenge,
To force the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge.
The Guide's perplext, and knowes not what to doe,
His Art's amaz'd, in ſuch a maze of woe:
The Welkin ſtormes, and rages more and more,
The Raine powr's downe, the Heauens begin to roare,
As they would ſplit the maſſie earth in ſunder,
From them that liue aboue, to thoſe liue vnder:
The reſtleſſe waues, and rolling billowes beate,
As they would ſhoulder *Neptune* from his ſeate;
The billowes ſeeme to mount the clouds, (or higher)
The dusky clouds did flaſh with often fier:
Now doth the Ship as high as heauen ſwell,
And now (o'rwhelm'd with waues) as low as hell;
The Barke no leſſe doth yeeld to *Neptunes* ſway,
Than lofty Tow'rs, when thundring Ordnance play.
The hardy Mariners begin to quaile: Verſ. 5.
They vere their maine ſheet, and they ſtrike their ſaile:
Their haire bolts vp, pale Death vſurps their cheekes,
Their mouthes are ful of cryes, their tongues of ſhreeks:

They ſound with endleſſe line, and ſound againe:
They pumpe, and ſtill they pumpe, but all in vaine:
They row, and breake their Oares: At laſt th'aſſay
Each Mariner vnto his god to pray.
They prai'd, but winds did ſnatch their words away,
And lets their pray'rs not goe to whom they pray:
But ſtill they pray, but ſtill the wind, and wether
Do turne both pray'rs, & ſayles they know not whither:
Their gods were deafe, their danger waxed greater,
They caſt their wares out, and yet ne're the better:
But all this while was *Ionah* drown'd in ſleepe,
*Explicit Hiſt.* And in the lower Decke was buried deepe.

---

*Meditatio ſecunda.*

*Obiect.* BVt ſtay: This was a ſtrange and vncouth word:
Did *Ionah* fly the preſence of the Lord?
What miſter word is that? He that repleats
The mighty Vniuerſe, whoſe lofty ſeat's
Th'imperiall Heauen, whoſe footſtoole is the face
Of maſſy Earth? Can he from any place
Be ſpar'd? or yet by any meanes excluded,
That is in all things? (and yet not included,)
Could *Ionah* find a reſting any where
So void, or ſecret, that God was not there?
I ſtand amaz'd, and frighted at this word:
Did *Ionah* fly the preſence of the Lord?
*Deus regnat in Cœlis per gloriã.* Mount vp to heauen aboue, and there he is,
Swaying the Scepter of his Kingly bliſſe:
*In terris per gratiam.* Beſtride the earth beneath (with weary pace)
And there he beares the Oliue branch of Grace:
*Apud inferos per iuſtitiam.* Diue downe into th'extreme Abyſſe of Hell,

And

And there in Iuſtice doth th' Almighty dwell.
What vncouth Cloyſter could there then affoord
A ſcreene 'twixt faithleſſe *Ionah*, and his Lord?
¶ *Ionah* was charg'd, to take a charge in hand; *Reſolut.*
But *Ionah* turn'd his backe on Gods command;
Shooke off his yoke, and wilfully neglected,
And what was ſtrictly charg'd, he quite reiected:
And ſo he fled the power of his Word;
And ſo he fled the preſence of his Lord.
¶ Good God! how poore a thing is wretched man?
So fraile, that let him ſtriue the beſt he can,
With euery little blaſt hee's ouerdon.
If mighty Cedars of great *Libanon*,
Cannot the danger of the Axe withſtand,
Lord! how ſhall we, that are but Buſhes, ſtand?
How fond, corrupt, and ſenceleſſe is mankind?
How faining deafe is he? How wilfull blind?
He ſtops his eares, and ſinnes: he ſhuts his eyes,
And (blindfold) in the lap of danger flies:
He ſinnes, deſpaires; and then, to ſtint his griefe,
He chuſes death, to baulke the God of life.
¶ Poore wretched ſinner, trauell where thou wilt,
Thy trauell ſhall be burthen'd with thy guilt:
Climbe tops of hils, that proſpects may delight thee,
There wil thy ſins (like Wolues & Beares) affright thee:
Fly to the Valleys, that thoſe frights may ſhun thee,
And there like Mountaines they will fall vpon thee:
Or to the raging ſeas, (with *Ionah*) goe;
There will thy ſinnes like ſtormy *Neptune* flow.
Poore ſhiftleſſe Man! what ſhall become of thee?
Wher'ere thou fly'ſt, thy gryping ſinne will fly.
¶ But all this while the Ship, where *Ionah* ſleepes,

Is vexed ſore, and batter'd on the Deeps,
And well-nigh ſplit vpon the threatning Rocke,
With many a boyſtrous bruſh, and churly knocke:
God ſend the comfortleſſe, an happy howre,
And ſhield all good men from ſuch ſtotray ſtowre.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Pilot thumps on* Ionah's *breſt,*
*And rowzeth* Ionah *from his Reſt:*
*They al caſt Lots, (being ſore affrighted:)*
*The ſacred Lot on* Ionah *lighted.*

*Sect.* 3.

*Hiſt.* Chap. 1. verſ. 6.

THe hapleſſe Pylot finding no ſucceſſe,
(But that the ſtorme grew rather more than leſſe,
For all their toyleſome paynes, and needleſſe pray'rs,
Diſpairing both of life, and goods) repaires
To *Ionahs* drowzie Cabbin; mainly calls;
Calls *Ionah*, *Ionah*; and yet lowder yawles;
Yet *Ionah* ſleepes; and giues a ſhrug, or two,
And ſnores, (as greedy ſleepers vſe to doe.)
The wofull Pylot iogs him, (but in vaine.)
(Perchance he dreames an idle word, or twaine;)
At length he tugs and puls his heauie courſe,
And thunders on his breſt, with all his force.
But (after many yawns) he did awake him,
And (being both affrighted) thus beſpake him:

*The Pylot awakes Ionah.*

*The Pylots ſpeech to Ionah.*

" Ariſe, O Sleeper, O, ariſe, and ſee,

Ther's

" Ther's not a twiny thrid, 'twixt death, and thee:
" This darkſome place (thou meaſur'ſt) is thy graue,
" And ſuddaine Death rides proud on yonder waue;
" Ariſe, O Sleeper, O, ariſe and pray,
" Perchance thy God will heare, and not ſay, Nay:
" Perchance thy God's more powerfull then our's:
" Ariſe, Ariſe, and pray with all thy pow'rs,
" If ſo be, God will haue compaſſion on vs,
" And turne away this miſchiefe he hath done vs.

The ſturdy Sayler's (weary of their paine,) Verſe 7.
Finding their bootleſſe labour loſt, and vaine,
Forbare their toyleſome taske, and wrought no more,
But wiſht for Death, for which they look'd before;
They call a parley, and conſult together,
They count their ſinnes, (accuſing one another)
That for his ſinne, or his, this euill was wrought:
In fine, they all prooue guilty of the fault;
But yet the Queſtion was not ended ſo:
One ſayes, 'Twas thine offence, but he ſayes, No,
But t'was for thy ſake, that accuſes mee;
Ruſht forth a third (the worſer of the three)
And ſwore it was anothers, which (he hearing)
Deny'd it flat, and ſay'd, 'Twas thine for ſwearing:
In came a fift, accuſing all; (replying
But little elſe) they all chid him for lying;
One ſayd it was, another ſay'd 'twas not:
So all agreed, to ſtint the ſtrife by Lot:
Then all was whiſt, and all to prayer went;
(For ſuch a buis'nes, a fit complement)
The lot was caſt; 't pleas'd God, by Lots to tell.
The lot was caſt; The lot on *Ionah* fell. Exp. Hiſt.

*Meditatio tertia.*

O Sacred Subiect of a Meditation!
Thy Works (O Lord) are full of Admiration,
Thy iudgements all are iuſt, ſeuere, and ſure,
They quite cut off, or elſe by launcing cure
The feſtring ſore of a Rebellious heart,
Leſt foule infection taynt th'iinmortall part.
How deepe a Lethargie doth this diſeaſe
Bring to the ſlumbring Soule through careleſſe eaſe!
Which once being wak't, (as from a Golden Dreame)
Lookes vp, and ſees her griefes the more extreme.
How ſeeming ſweet 's the quiet ſleepe of ſin?
Which when a wretched man's once nuzz'ld in,
How ſoundly ſleepes he, without feare, or wit?
No ſooner, are his armes together knit
In drowzie knot, athwart vpon his breſt,
But there he ſnorts, and ſnores in endleſſe reſt;
His eyes are cloſed faſt, and deafe his eares,
And (like *Endymion*) ſleepes himſelfe in yeares;
His ſence-bound heart, ne anſweres to the voyce
Of gentle warning, no, nor does the noyſe
Of ſtrong reproofe awake his ſleeping eare,
Nor lowder threatnings thunder makes him heare;
So deafe's the ſinners eare, ſo numb'd his ſence,
That ſinne's no corroſiue, nor no offence;
*Conſuetudo peccandi tollit ſenſum peccati.* For cuſtome breeds delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the ſence, and takes away the ſmart.
¶ But ſtay; Did one of Gods elected number,
(Whoſe eyes ſhould neuer ſleepe, nor eye-lids ſlumber)

So

So much forget himſelfe? Did *Ionah* ſleepe,
That ſhould be watchfull, and the Tower keepe?
Did *Ionah* (the ſelected mouth of God)
In ſtead of roring Iudgements, does he nod?
Did *Ionah* ſleepe ſo ſound? Could he ſleepe then,
When (with the ſuddaine ſight of Death) the men
(So many men) with yelling ſhreekes, and cries,
Made very heau'n report? and ſhooke the skies
So vncouth, that the ſhip it mought haue riu'n?
Hard muſt he winke, that ſhuts his eyes from heau'n.
O righteous *Iſr'el*, where, O, where art thou?
Where is thy Lampe? thy zealous Shepheard now?
Alas! the rau'nous Wolues will worr' thy Sheepe;
Thy Shepheard's careleſſe, and is fall'n aſleepe;
Grim dogs will rowze thy Flock, and rule the roſt;
Thy Sheepe are ſcatter'd, and thy Shepheard's loſt;
Ah weladay! whoſe words beſeeme the Altar,
Their works diſcent, and firſt begin to faulter;
And they, that ſhould be Watch-lights in the Temple,
Are ſnuffes, and want the oyle of good example;
The choſen Watch-men, that the Tow'r ſhould keepe,
Are waxen heauy-ey'd, and fall'n aſleepe.
¶ Lord, if thy Watch-mẽ wink too much, awake them;
Although they ſlumber, doe not quite forſake them;
The fleſh is weake, ſay not (if dulneſſe ſeaze
Their heauy eyes) Sleepe henceforth: Take your eaſe: Math. 13.41.
And we poore weakelings, when we ſleepe in ſin,
Knock at our drowzie hearts; and neuer lin,
Till thou awake our ſinne-congealed eyes;
Leſt (drown'd in ſleepe) we ſinke, and neuer riſe.

THE ARGVMENT.

*They queſtion* Ionah, *whence he came,*
*His Country, and his peoples Name,*
*He makes reply: They mone their woe,*
*And aske his counſell what to doe.*

*Sect.* 4.

*Hiſtor. Cap.* 1. *v.* 8. *Simile.*

AS when a Thiefe's appr'ended on ſuſpect,
And charg'd for ſome ſuppoſed maliſact,
A rude concurſe of people, ſtrait accrewes,
Whoſe itching eares euen ſmart, to know the (newes,
The guilty pris'ner (to himſelfe betray'd)
He ſtands deiected, trembling and afrayd:
So *Ionah* ſtood the Saylers all among,
Incloſed round amid the ruder throng.
As in a Summers Euening you ſhall heare
In Hiue of Bees (if you lay cloſe your eare)
Confuſed buzzing, and ſeditious noyſe,
Such was the murmur of the Saylers voyce.

*The Mariners ſpeech to* Ionas.

"What was thy ſinfull fact, that cauſes this
"(Sayes one) wherein haſt thou ſo done amiſſe?
"Tell vs, What is thine Art (another ſayes)
"That thou profeſſeſt? Speake man, Whence awayes,
"From what Confines cam'ſt thou? (A third replies)
"What is thy Country? And of what allies?
"What, art thou borne a Iew? or Gentile? Whether?
"(Ere he could lend an anſwere vnto either)

"A fourth

" A fourth demands: Where hath thy breeding been?
All what they askt, they all askt o're againe.
In fine, their eares (impatient of delay)
Becalm'd their tongues, to heare what he could ſay.
So *Ionah* (humbly rearing vp his eyes)
Breaking his long kept ſilence, thus replies:
" I am an Hebrew, ſonne of * *Abraham*,
" From whom my Land did firſt deriue her name,
" Within the Land of *Iury* was I borne,
" My name is *Ionah*, retchleſſe, and forlorne:
" I am a Prophet: ah! but woe is me,
" For from before the face of God I flee,
" From whence (through diſobedience) I am driuen;
" I feare *Iehouah*, mighty God of Heauen:
" I feare the Lord of Heauen, whoſe glorious hand
" Did make this ſtormy Sea, and maſſy land.
So ſaid, their eares with double rauiſhment,
Still hung vpon his melting lips, attent,
Whoſe dreadful words, their hearts ſo neere impierc't,
That from themſelues, themſelues were quite deuers't.
Like as in a hot Summers euentide,
(When luſtfull *Phœbus* re-ſalutes his Bride,
And *Philomela* 'gins her caroling:)
A heard of Deere are browzing in a ſpring,
With hungry appetite, miſweening nought,
Nor in ſo deepe a ſilence fearing ought:
A ſudden cracke, or ſome vnthought-of ſound,
Or bounce of Fowlers Peece, or yelpe of Hound,
Diſturbes their quiet peace with ſtrange amaze, (gaze:
Where (ſenceleſſe halfe) through feare, they ſtand at
So ſtand the Sea-men, (as with Ghoſts affrighted,)
Entraunc'd with what, this man of God recited.

*Ionahs ſpeech to the Mariners.*

* *Hebræi quaſi Abrahæi, S. Aug. lib. 1. ſuper Gen.*

Verſ. 10.

*Simile.*

Their (whilome ſturdy) limmes wox faint, and lither,
Their hearts did earne, their knees did ſmite together:
Congealed blood vſurpt their trembling hearts,
Which coldly crawld about in all their parts:
Who (trembling out ſome broken language,) thus:
*The Mariners ſpeech.* "Why haſt thou brought this miſchiefe vpon vs?
*Interrogatio.* "What humour led thee to a place vnknowne,
"To ſeeke a forrein land, and leaue thine owne?
*Admiratio.* "What faith hadſt thou, by leauing thine abode,
"To thinke to fly the preſence of thy God?
*Reprehenſio.* "Why haſt thou not obey'd (but thus tranſgreſt)
"The voice of God, whom thou acknowledgeſt?
"Art thou a Prophet, and doſt thou amiſſe?
"What is the cauſe? And why haſt thou done this?
Verſ. 11. "What ſhall we doe? The tempeſt lends no eare
"To fruitleſſe chat, nor doe the billowes heare,
"Or marke our language: waues are not attent,
"Our goods they float, and all our paines are ſpent:
"Our Bark's not weather-proofe, for aye to laſt;
"(No Fort ſo ſtrong, but daily ſiege will waſt.)
"The Lot accuſes thee, thy words condemne thee,
"The waues (thy deaths-mē) ſtriue to ouerwhelme thee:
"What ſhal we do? Thou Prophet, ſpeak, we pray thee:
"Thou fear'ſt the Lord; Alas! we may not ſlay thee:
"Or ſhall we ſaue thee? No, for thou doſt fly
"The face of God, and ſo deſeru'ſt to dye:
"Thou Prophet, ſpeake, what ſhal we doe to thee,
*Expl. Hiſt.* "That angry ſeas may calme, and quiet be?

*Meditatio*

*Meditatio quarta.*

GIue leaue a little to adiourne your ſtory,
Run backe a ſtep, or twaine, and looke afore ye:
Can he be ſaid to feare the Lord, that flies him? *Obiect.*
Can Word confeſſe him, when as Deed denies him?
My ſacred Muſe hath rounded in mine eare, *Reſolutio.*
And read the myſt'ry of a twofold feare:
The firſt, a ſeruile feare, for Iudgements ſake;
And thus the damned Diuels feare and quake.
Thus *Adam* fear'd, and fled behind a tree:
And thus did bloody *Kain* feare and flee.
Vnlike to this, there is a ſecond kind
Of feare, extracted from a zealous mind,
Full fraught with loue, and with a conſcience cleare
From baſe reſpects: It is a filiall feare;
A feare whoſe ground would iuſt remaine, and leuell,
Were neither Heauen, nor Hell, nor God, nor Diuell.
Such was the feare that Princely *Dauid* had;
And thus our wretched *Ionah* fear'd, and fled:
He fled aſham'd, becauſe his ſinnes were ſuch;
He fled aſham'd, becauſe his feare was much.
He fear'd *Iehouah*, other fear'd he none,
Him he acknowledg'd; Him he fear'd alone:
Vnlike to thoſe men, that (befoold with errour)
Frame many gods, and multiply their terrour.
Th'*Egyptians*, God *Apis* did implore,
God *Aſſas* the *Chaldæans* did adore:
*Babel* to the *Deuouring Dragon* ſeekes,
Th'*Arabians Aſtaroth*; *Iuno* the *Greekes*;
The name of *Belus*, the *Aſſyrians* hallow,
The *Troians*, *Veſta*; *Corinth*, wiſe *Apollo*;

Th'*Arginians* sacrifice vnto the Sunne;
To Light-foot *Mercury* bowes *Macedon*;
To god *Volumus*, louers bend their knee:
To *Pauor*, those that faint, and fearfull bee:
Who pray for health, and strength, to *Murcia* those;
And to *Victoria*, they that feare to lose:
To *Muta*, they that feare a womans tongue:
To great *Lucina*, women great with young:
To *Esculapius*, they that liue oppreſt:
And they to *Quies*, that desire rest.
O blinded Ignorance of antique times,
How blent with errour, and how stuft with crimes
Your Temples were! And how adulterate!
How clog'd with needlesse gods! How obstinate!
How void of order, and how inconfuse!
How full of dangerous and foule abuse!
How sandy were thy grounds, and how vnstable!
How many Deities! yet how vnable!
Implore these gods, that list to howle and barke,
They bow to *Dagon*, *Dagon* to the Arke:
But he to whom the seale of mercy's giuen,
Adores *Iehouah*, mighty God of Heauen:
Vpon the mention of whose sacred Name,
Meeke Lambs grow fierce, and the fierce Lyons tame:
Bright *Sol* shall stop, and heauen shall turne his course:
Mountaines shall dance, and *Neptune* slake his force:
The Seas shall part, the fire want his flame,
Vpon the mention of *Iehouah's* Name:
A Name, that makes the roofe of Heauen to shake,
The frame of Earth to quiuer, Hell to quake:
A Name, to which all Angels blow their trumps;
A Name, puts frolicke man into his dumps:

(Though

(Though ne're ſo blythe) A Name of high renowne,
It mounts the meeke, and beates the lofty downe;
A Name, deuides the marrow in the bone;
A Name, which out of hard, and flinty ſtone,
Extracteth hearts of fleſh, and makes relent
Thoſe hearts that neuer knew what mercy ment.
O Lord! how great's thy Name in all the Land?
How mighty are the wonders of thy hand?
How is thy Glory plac't aboue the heau'n?
To tender mouthes of Sucklings thou haſt giu'n
Coerciue pow'r, and boldnes to reprooue,
When elder men doe what them no'te behooue.
O Lord! How great's the power of thy hand?
O God! How great's thy Name in all the Land?

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Prophet doth his fault diſcouer,*
*Perſwades the men to caſt him ouer:*
*They rowe, and toyle, but doe no good,*
*They pray to be excus'd from blood.*

*Sect.* 5.

SO *Ionah* fram'd the ſpeech to their demand; Chap. 1. vc. 12. Iona's *laſt will.*
"Not that I ſeeke to trauerſe the command,
"Of my deare Lord, and out of minde peruerſe,
"T'auoyd the *Niniuites*, doe I amerce
"My ſelfe; Nor that I euer heard you threat,
"(Vnleſſe I went to *Niniueh*, (the great)



"And

" And doe the meſſage ſent her from the Lord)
" That you would kill, or caſt me ouer boord,
" Doe I doe this; 'Tis my deſerued fine:
" You all are guiltleſſe, and the fault is mine:
" 'Tis I, 'tis I alone, 'tis I am he:
" The tempeſt comes from heau'n, the cauſe from me;
" You ſhall not loſe a haire for this my ſin,
" Nor periſh for the fault that mine hath bin;
" Lo, I the man am here: Lo, I am He
" The roote of all; End your reuenge on me;
" I fled from God of Heau'n; O, let me then
" (Becauſe I fled from God) ſo flie from men;
" O, take me, (for I am reſolu'd to die)
" As you did caſt your Wares, ſo caſt in Me;
" I am the man, for whom theſe billowes dance,
" My death ſhall purchaſe your deliuerance;
" Feare not to ceaſe your feares; but throw me in;
" Alas! my ſoule is burthen'd with my ſin,
" And God is iuſt, and bent to his Decree,
" Which certaine is, and cannot altred bee;
" I am proclaim'd a Traytor to the King
" Of heau'n, and earth: The windes with ſpeedy wing
" Acquaint the Seas: The Seas mount vp on hie,
" And cannot reſt, vntill the Traytor die;
" Oh, caſt me in, and let my life be ended;
" Let Death make Iuſtice mends, which Life offended;
" Oh, let the ſwelling waters me embalme:
" So ſhall the Waues be ſtill, and Sea be calme.

Verſ. 13. So ſaid, the Mariners grew inly ſad,
(Though rude, and barbarous) and much ydrad,
As moou'd to ſee a Stranger (for their good)
Lay downe his life, which offer they withſtood,

Till

Till they had ſought with all their pow'r and skill,
To ſaue the man, and not the Ship to ſpill:
They digg'd, and deepely delu'd the furrow'd Seas,
With brawny armes they plough'd the watry Leas,
Hoping (in vaine) by toyle to win the ſhore,
And wrought more hard, thē erſt they wrought before.
Alas! their ſtrength now failes, and weares away,
(For bodies wanting reſt, doe ſoone decay)
The Seas are angry, and the waues ariſe,
Appeas'd with nothing, but a Sacrifice:
Gods vengeance ſtormeth like the raging Seas,
Which nought but *Ionah* (dying) can appeaſe.
" Bootleſſe it is, to thinke by any deed
" To alter that, which God of heau'n decreed:
" *Ionah* muſt die, 'tis folly to ſay, No;
" *Ionah* muſt die, or elſe we all die too;
" *Ionah* muſt die, that from his Lord did flie;
" The lot determines, *Ionah* then muſt die;
" His guilty word confirmes the ſacred lot,
" *Ionah* muſt die then, if we periſh not.
" If Iuſtice then it be, that he muſt die, Vers. 14. *The Mariners prayer.*
" And we ſad Actors of his Tragedie;
" (We begge not (Lord) a warrant to offend)
" O, pardon bloud-ſhed, that we muſt intend.
" Though not our hands, yet ſhall our hearts be cleare:
" Then let not ſtaineleſſe Conſciences beare
" The pond'rous burthen of a Murthers guilt,
" Or voyce of harmeleſſe bloud, that muſt be ſpilt;
" For lo, (deare Lord) it is thine owne Decree,
" And we ſad miniſters of Iuſtice bee. *Expl. Hiſt.*

*Meditatio*

*Meditatio quinta.*

*Obiect.*

BVt ſtay awhile, this thing would firſt be knowne:
Can *Ionah* giue himſelfe, and not his owne?
That part to God, and to his Country this
Pertaines, ſo that a ſlender third is his;
Why then ſhould *Ionah* doe ſo great a wrong,
To deale himſelfe away, that did belong
The leaſt vnto himſelfe? or how could he
Teach this, (THOV SHALT NOT KILL) if *Ionah* be
His lifes owne Butcher? What, was this a deed
That with the Calling he profeſt, agreed?
The purblind age (whoſe workes (almoſt diuine)
Did meerely with the oyle of nature ſhine,
That knew no written Law, ne yet no God,
To whip their conſcience with a ſteely Rod,)
How much did they abhorre ſo foule a fact?
When (led by Natures glimpſe) they made an Act,
That what man e're is ſo vnnaturall
To kill himſelfe, ſhould want a buriall;
Can ſuch doe ſo, when *Ionah* does amiſſe?
What, *Ionas*, *Iſr'els* Teacher! and doe this?

*Homicida in ſe, inſepultus abijciatur. Seneca.*

*Reſolu. Non ideo ſine ſcelere facit alter, &c. S. Aug. lib. 1. de ciuitat. Dei cap. 26. Iudg. 16. 30.*

The Law of charity doth all forbid,
In this thing to doe that, which *Ionah* did;
Moreo're, in charity, 'tis thy beheſt,
Of dying men to thinke, and ſpeake the beſt;
The mighty *Samſon* did as much as this;
And who dare ſay, that *Samſon* did amiſſe,
If heau'nly Spirit whiſper'd in his eare
Expreſſe command to do't? then likewiſe heare,

*Spiritus latenter hoc iuſſerat. S. Aug.*

Who

# *A Feaſt for Wormes.*

Who knowes of *Ionah*, whether, yea, or no,
A ſecret Spirit will'd him to doe ſo?
¶ Sure is the knot that true Religion tyes,
And Loue that's rightly grounded, neuer dyes;
It ſeemes a Paradox, beyond beliefe,
That men in trouble ſhould prolong reliefe;
That Pagans, (to withſtand a Strangers Fate)
Should be neglectiue of their owne eſtate,
Truſting their liues vpon a twyny thread,
And (dauntleſſe) daunce about in dangers dread.
Where is this Loue become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endleſſe Pilgrimage
From hence, and neuer to returne (I doubt)
Till reuolution wheele thoſe times about;
Chill breſts haue ſtaru'd her here, and ſhe is driu'n
Away; and with *Aſtræa* fled to heau'n:
*Charity*, that naked Babe is gone,
Her hony's ſpent, and all her ſtore is done,
Her wingleſſe Bees can finde out ne'r a bloome,
And crooked * *Ate* doth vſurpe her roome;
*Nepenthe's* dry, and Loue can get no drinke,
And curs'd *Ardenne* flowes aboue the brinke:
Braue Mariners, the world your names ſhall hallow,
Admiring that in you, that none dare follow;
Your friendſhip's rare, and your conuerſion ſtrange:
From Paganiſme to Zeale? A ſuddaine change!
Thoſe men doe now the God of heau'n implore,
That bow'd to Puppets, but an houre before.
Their Zeale is feruent (though but new begun)
Before their egge-ſhels were done off, they run,
As when bright *Phœbus*, in a Summer tide,
(New riſen from the pillow of his Bride)

*Cum Deus iubet ſe iubere ſine vllis ambagibus intimat, quis inobedientiam in crimen vocat?* S. Aug.

*Caritas eſt infans ſine pannis, dans mel api ſine pennis.*
* *Dea Litis.*

*Simile.*

Enueloped with miſty fogges, at length
Breaks forth, diſplayes the miſt, with Southern ſtrēgth;
Euen ſo theſe Mariners (of Peereleſſe mirrour)
Their faith b'ing vayl'd within the miſt of errour,
At length their Zeale chac'd ignorance away,
They left their Paganiſme, and 'gan to pray.
¶ Lord, how vnlimmited are thy Confines,
That ſtill purſu'ſt man in his good deſignes!
Thy mercy's like the dew of *Hermon* hill,
Or like the Oyntment, dropping downward ſtill
From *Aarons* head, to beard; from beard, to foot:
So doe thy mercies drench vs round about:
Thy loue is boundleſſe; Thou art apt, and free,
To turne to Man, when Man returnes to thee.

THE ARGVMENT.

*They caſt the Prophet ouer boord:*
*The ſtorme alay'd: They feare the Lord;*
*A mighty Fiſh him ſtraight deuoures,*
*Where he remayned many howres.*

*Sect.* 6.

*Hiſt. Chap* 1. *ve.* 15. *Simile.*

EVen as a member, whoſe corrupted ſore
Infeſts, and rankl's, eating more and more,
Threatning the bodies loſſe (if not preuented)
The Surgion (after all faire meanes attempted)
Cuts off, and with aduiſed skill doth chooſe,
To loſe a part, then all the body loſe;

Euen

Euen ſo the Mariners perceiuing all
Their labour ſpent, and the effect but ſmall,
And of neceſſity that all muſt dye,
If *Ionah* leaue not their ſociety,
They tooke vp *Ionas*, and with one accord,
And common ayde, threw *Ionas* ouer boord;
Whereat grim *Neptune* wip't his ſomy mouth,
Held his tridented Mace vpon the South;
The windes were whiſt, the billowes daunc't no more,
The ſtorme allay'd, the heau'ns left off to rore,
The waues (obedient to their beheaſt)
Gaue ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt:
The skie grew cleare, and now the glorious light
Begins to put the gloomy clouds to flight:
Thus all on ſuddaine was the Sea tranquill,
The heau'ns were quiet, and the Waues were ſtill.
As when a friendly Creditour (to get *Simile.*
A long forborne, and much-concerning debt)
Still plyes his willing debter with entreates,
Importunes dayly, dayly thumps, and beates
The batter'd Portalls of his tyred eares,
Bedeafing hm with what he knowes, and heares;
The weary debter, to auoyd the ſight
He loathes, ſhifts here, and there, and eu'ry night
Seekes out Protection of another bed,
Yet ne'retheleſſe (purſu'd and followed)
His eares are ſtill layd at with lowder volley
Of harder Dialect; He melancholly,
Sits downe, and ſighes, and after long fore-flowing,
(T'auoyd his preſence) payes him what is owing;
The thankfull Creditour is now appeas'd,
Takes leaue, and goes away content, and pleas'd.

Euen ſo theſe angry waues, with reſtleſſe rage,
Accoſted *Ionas* in his pilgrimage,
And thundred Iudgement in his fearfull eare,
Preſenting *Hubbubs* to his guilty feare:
The Waues roſe diſcontent, the Surges beat,
And euery moments death, the billowes threat;
The wether-beaten Ship did euery minnit
Await deſtruction, while he was in it:
But when his (long expected) corps they threw
Into the deepe, (a debt through treſpaſſe due)
The Sea grew kind, and all her frownes abated,
Her face was ſmooth to all that nauigated.
'Twas ſinfull *Ionah* made her ſtorme and rage,
'Twas ſinfull *Ionah* did her ſtorme aſſwage.

Verſ. 16. With that the Mariners aſtoniſh't were,
And feard *Iehouah* with a mighty feare,
Offring vp Sacrifice with one accord,
And vowing ſolemne vowes vnto the Lord.

Verſ. 17. But God (whoſe breath can make the heauens ſhake,
And in an inſtant, all that force can ſlake,
Whoſe pow'rfull word can make the earths foundatiõ
Tremble, and with his word can make ceſſation,
Whoſe wrath doth mount the waues, & toſſe the Seas,
And make them calme, and whiſt when e're he pleaſe:
This God, (whoſe mercy runs on endleſſe wheele,
And pulls (like *Iacob*) Iuſtice by the heele)
Prepar'd a Fiſh, prepar'd a mighty Whale,
Whoſe belly ſhould be priſon-houſe, and baile
For retchleſſe *Ionah*. As a Garner dore
Opens his double leafe, to take the ſtore,
Wherewith the harueſt quits the Ploughmans hope,
Euen ſo the great *Leuiathan* ſet ope

His

His beame-like Iawes,(as glad of ſuch a boone)
And at a morſell,ſwallow'd *Ionah* downe.
Till Roſy-cheek't-*Aurora's* purple dye
Thrice dappl'd had the ruddy morning skye,
And thrice had ſpred the Curtaines of the morne,
To let in *Titan*, when the Day was borne,
*Ionah* was Tenant to this liuing Graue,
Embowel'd deepe in this ſtupendious Caue. *Explicit Hiſt.*

---

*Meditatio ſexta.*

LO, Death is now,as alwayes it hath bin,
The iuſt procured ſtipend of our ſinne:
Sinne is a golden Cauſie,and a Road
That's leuell,pleaſant,that is euen,and broad,
But leads at length to death,and endleſſe griefe,
To torments and to paines,without reliefe.
Iuſtice feares none,but maketh all afraid,
And then falls hardeſt,when 'tis moſt delaid.
But thou reply'ſt, Thy ſinnes are daily great,
Yet thou ſitt'ſt vncontrold vpon thy ſeat:
Thy wheat doth flouriſh,and thy barnes doe thriue,
Thy ſheepe encreaſe,thy ſonnes are all aliue,
And thou art buxom, and haſt nothing ſcant,
Finding no want of any thing,but want,
Whil'ſt others,whō the ſquint-e'yd world counts holy,
Sit ſadly drooping in a melancholy,
With brow deiected, and downe-hanging head,
Or take of almes,or poorly beg their bread:
But Young man, know,there is a Day of doome,
The feaſt is good,vntill the reck'ning come.

The time runnes faſteſt, where is leaſt regard;
The ſtone that's long in falling, falleth hard;
There is a Day, a dying Day (thou foole)
When all thy laughter ſhall be turn'd to Doole,
Thy roabes to tort'ring plagues, and fell tormenting,
Thy whoops of Ioy, to howles of ſad lamenting:
Thy tongue ſhall yell, and yawle, and neuer ſtop,
And wiſh a world, to giue for one poore drop,
To flatter thine intolerable paine;
The wealth of *Pluto* could not then obtaine
A minutes freedome from that helliſh rout,
Whoſe fire burnes, and neuer goeth out;
Nor houſe, nor land, nor meaſur'd heapes of wealth,
Can render to a dying man his health:
Our life on earth is like a thrid of flax,
That all may touch, and being toucht, it cracks.

*Simile.* ¶ As when an Archer ſhooteth for his ſport,
Sometimes his ſhaft is gone, ſometime 'tis ſhort,
Sometimes o'th' left hand wide, ſometimes o'th'right,
At laſt (through often triall) hits the White;
So Death ſometimes with her vncertaine Rouer,
Hits our Superiours (and ſo ſhootes ouer)
Sometimes for change, ſhe ſtrikes the meaner ſort,
Strikes our inferiours (and then comes ſhort)
Sometimes vpon the left hand wide ſhe goes,
And ſo (ſtill wounding ſome) ſhe ſtrikes our foes;
And ſometimes wide vpon the right hand wends,
There with impartiall ſhafts, ſhe ſtrikes our friends;
At length, (through often triall) hits the White,
And ſo ſtrikes vs into Eternall night.

¶ Death is a Kalender compos'd by Fate,
Concerning all men, neuer out of Date:

Her

Her dayes Dominicall are writ in blood;
She ſhewes more bad dayes, then ſhe ſheweth good;
She tells when dayes, and months, and termes expire,
And ſhewes thee ſtrange aſpects of fearefull fire.
¶ Death is a Purſiuant, with Eagles wings,
That knocks at poore mens dores, and gates of Kings.
Worldling, beware; for, lo, Death ſculks behind thee,
And as ſhe leaues thee, ſo will Iudgement finde thee.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Within the bowels of the Fiſh,*
Ionah *laments in great anguiſh;*
*God heard his pray'r, at whoſe cõmand,*
*The Fiſh diſgorg'd him on the Land.*

*Sect.* 7.

THen *Ionah* turn'd his face to heau'n, and pray'd — *Hiſt.* Chap. 2. ver. 1.
VVithin the bowels of the VVhale, and ſayd,
" I cry'd out of my balefull miſery — Verſe 2.
" Vnto the Lord, and he hath heard my cry,
" From out the paunch of hell I made a noyſe,
" And thou haſt anſwer'd me, and heard my voyce:
" Into the Deepes and bottome thou haſt throwne me, — Verſ. 3.
" Thy Surges, and thy VVaues haue paſt vpon me.
" Then Lord (ſaid I) from out thy glorious ſight — Verſ. 4.
" I am reiected, and forſaken quite,
" Nath'leſſe while theſe my wretched eyes remaine,
" Vnto thy Temple will I looke againe.

*The prayer of* Ionas *out of the Whales belly.*

" The

Verſ 5. " The boyſt'rous waters compaſſe me about,
" My body threats, to let her pris'ner out,
" The boundleſſe depth enclos'd me,(almoſt dead)
" The weedes were wrapt about my fainting head,
Verſ 6. " I liu'd on earth reiected at thine hand,
" And a perpetuall pris'ner in the Land;
" Yet thou wilt cauſe my life t'aſcend at length,
" From out this pit, O Lord, my God, my Strength;
Verſ.7. " When as my ſoule was ouer-whelm'd, and faint,
" I had recourſe to thee, did thee acquaint
" With the condition of my wofull caſe,
" My cry came to thee, in thine holy Place.
Verſ.8. " Whoſo to Vanities themſelues betake,
" Renounce thy mercies, and thy loue forſake.
Verſ.9. " To thee I'le ſacrifice in endleſſe dayes,
" With voyce of thanks, and euer-ſounding praiſe,
" I'le pay my vowes; for all the world records
" With one conſent, *Saluation is the Lords.*
Verſ.10. So God (whoſe Word's a deed, whoſe Breath's a law,
Whoſe iuſt command implies a dreadfull awe,
Whoſe Word prepar'd a Whale vpon the Deepe,
To tend, and waite for *Iona's* fall, and keepe
His out-caſt body ſafe, and ſoule ſecure)
This very God, (whoſe mercy muſt endure
When heau'n, and earth, and ſea, and all things faile)
Diſclos'd his purpoſe, and beſpake the Whale,
To redeliuer *Ionah* to his hand;
*Explicit Hiſt.* Whereat the Whale diſgorg'd him on the Land.

*Meditatio*

*Meditatio ſeptima.*

I Well record, a holy Father ſayes,
" He teaches to denie, that faintly prayes: *Qui timidè orat, docet negare.*
The ſuit ſurceaſes, when deſire failes,
But whoſo prayes with feruencie, preuailes;
For Pray'rs the key that opens heauen gate, Luke 11. 9.
And findes admittance, whether earl' or late,
It forces audience, it vnlocks the eare
Of heau'nly God, (though deafe) it makes him heare.
Vpon a time * *Babel* (the Worlds faire Queene, * The Common-wealth.
Made drunke with choller, and enrag'd with Spleene)
Through fell Diſdaine, derraigned Warre 'gainſt them
That tender Homage to *Ieruſalem:* * The Church.
A Mayden fight it was, yet they were ſtrong
As men of Warre; The Battaile laſted long,
Much bloud was ſhed, and ſpilt on either ſide,
That all the ground with purple gore was dyde:
In fine, a Souldier of *Ieruſalem*,
* *Chariſſa* hight, (the Almner of the Realme) * Charity.
Chill'd with a Feuer, and vnapt to fight,
Into *Iuſtitia's* Caſtle tooke her flight,
Whereat great *Babels* Queene commanded all,
To lay their ſiege againſt the Caſtle wall;
But poore * *Tymiſſa* (not with warre acquainted) * Feare.
Fearing *Chariſſa's* death, fell downe, and fainted;
Dauntleſſe * *Prudentia* rear'd her from the ground, * Wiſedome.
VVhere ſhe lay (pale, and ſenceleſſe) in a ſwound,
She rubb'd her temples (loſt in ſwouny ſhade)
And gaue her water, that * *Fidiſſa* made, * Faith.

And ſaid, Cheare vp, (deare Siſter) though our foe
Hath ta'ne vs Captiues, and inthrall'd vs ſo,
We haue a King puiſſant, and of might,
Will ſee vs take no wrong, and doe vs right,
If we poſſeſſe him with our ſad complaint,
Cheare vp, wee'l ſend to him, and him acquaint.
*Timiſſa* (new awak'd from ſwound) replies,
Our Caſtle is begirt with enemies,
And clouds of armed men beſiege our walls,
Then ſuer Death, or worſe then Death befalls
To her, (who ere ſhe be) that ſtirres a foote,
Or dares attempt, this place to ſally out:
Alas! what hope haue we to finde reliefe,
And want the meanes that may diuulge our griefe?
Within that place, a iolly Matron won'd,
With firie lookes, and drawen-ſword in hond,
Her eyes, with age, were waxen wond'rous dim,
With hoary locks, and viſage ſterne, and grim;
* *Iuſtice.* Her name * *Iuſtitia* hight; to her they make
Their moane, who (well aduis'd) them thus beſpake:
" Faire Maydens, well I wot; y'are ill bedight,
And rue the ſuffrance of your wofull plight,
But Pitty's fond alone, and rankles griefe,
And fruitleſſe falls, vnleſſe it yeeld reliefe:
Cheare vp, I haue a Meſſenger in ſtore,
Whoſe ſpeed is much, but faithfull truſt is more,
Whoſe nimble wings ſhall cleaue the flitting skies,
And ſcorne the terrour of your enemies,
* *Prayer.* * *Oratio* hight, well knowne vnto your King,
Your meſſage ſhe ſhall doe, and tydings bring,
* Math. 21. 21. Prouided that * *Fidiſſa* trauaile with her,
* John 15. 16. And ſo (* on Chriſts name) let them goe together.

With

With that, *Fidiſſa* hauing ta'ne her errant,
And good *Oratio*, with *Inſtitia's* Warrant,
In ſilence of the midnight, tooke their flight,
Arriuing at the Court that very night;
But they were both as any fier hot,
For they did flie as ſwift, as Cannon ſhot,
But they (leſt ſuddaine cold ſhould doe them harme)
Together clung, and kept each other warme:
But lo, the Kingly gates were ſparr'd, and lockt,
They call'd, but none made anſwere, then they knockt,
Together ioyning both their force in one,
They knockt amaine; Yet anſwere there was none;
But they that neuer learn'd to take deniall,
With importunity made further triall:
The King heard well, although he liſt not ſpeake,
Till they with ſtrokes the gate did wel-nie breake.
In fine, the brazen gates flew open wide;
*Oratio* moou'd her ſuit: The King replide,
*Oratio* was a faire, and welcome gheſt;
So heard her ſuit; ſo graunted her requeſt.
Fraile Man, obſerue, In thee the practice lies,
Let ſacred Meditation moralize.
Let Pray'r be feruent, and thy Faith intire,
And God will graunt thee more then thy deſire.

*Oratio feruens, velox.*

*Oratio & fides comites indiuidui.*

THE ARGVMENT.

*The ſecond time was* Ionah *ſent*
*To* Niniuy: *ſo* Ionah *went:*
*Againſt her crying ſinnes he cri'd,*
*And her deſtruction propheci'd.*

*Sect.* 8.

*Hiſt. Chap* 3. *ver.* 1.

ONce more the voyce of heau'ns-high-Cõmander
(Like horrid claps of heau'ns-diuiding-thunder,
Or like the fall of waters breach (the noyſe
B'ing heard farre diſtant off) ſuch was the voyce)
Came downe from heau'n, to *Ionah* new-borne-Man,
To re-baptized *Ionah*, and thus began;
*Am I a God? Or art thou ought but Duſt?*
*More then a man? Or are my Lawes vniuſt?*
*Am I a God, and ſhall I not command?*
*Art thou a man, and dar'ſt my Lawes withſtand?*
*Shall I (the motion of whoſe breath ſhall make*
*Both Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Heauen quake)*
*By thee (fond man) ſhall I be thus neglected,*
*And thy preſumption ſcape vncorrected?*
*Thy Faith hath ſau'd thee* (Ionah:) *Sinne no more,*
*Leſt worſe things happen after, then before;*
*Ariſe; let all th'aſſembled pow'rs agree*
*To doe the meſſage I impoſe on thee;*
*Trifle no more, and, to auoyd my ſight,*
*Thinke not to baulke me with a ſecond flight.*

Verſ. 2. *Gods ſecond charge to* Ionah.

*Ariſe*

*Ariſe, and goe to* Niniuy *(the great)*
*Where broods of Gentiles haue ta'ne vp their ſeat,*
*The Great-Queene-regent-mother of the Land,*
*That multiplies in people like the ſand;*
*Away, with wings of time, (I'le not eſſoine thee)*
*Denounce theſe fiery Iudgements, I enioyne thee.*

Like as a yongling that to ſchoole is ſet, Simile. verſ. 3.
(Scarce weaned from his dandling mothers tet,
Where he was cockerd with a ſtroking hand)
With ſtubborne heart, denyes the Iuſt command
His Tutor will's: But being once corrected,
His home-bred ſtomack's curb'd, or quite eiected,
His crooked nature's chang'd, and mollified,
And humbly ſeeks, what ſtoutly he deny'd;
So *Iona's* ſtout, peruerſe, and ſtubborne hart,
Was hardned once, but when it felt the ſmart
Of Gods auenging wrath, it ſtrait diſſolu'd,
And what it once annoyded, now reſolu'd
T'effect with ſpeed, and with a carefull hand
Fully repleniſh'd with his Lords Command,
To *Niniueh* he flyeth like a Roe,
Each ſtep the other ſtriues to ouergoe;
And as an arrow to the mark does fly,
So (bent to flight) flyes he to *Niniuy*.
(Now *Niniuy* a mighty Citty was,
And all the Citties of the world did paſſe,
A Citty which o're all the reſt aſpires,
Like midnight-*Phœbé* 'mong the leſſer fyers,
A Citty which (although to men was giuen)
Better beſeem'd the mighty King of Heauen,
A Citty Great to God, whoſe ample wall,
Who vndertakes to mete with paces, ſhall

Bring *Phœbus* thrice a-bed, e're it be dun,
(Although with dawning *Lucifer* begun.)
Vers. 4. When *Ionas* had approacht the City gate,
He made no ſtay to reſt, ne yet to baite,
Nor yet with oyle, his fainting head he 'noynts,
Nor ſtayes to bathe his weather-beaten ioynts,
Nor ſmooth'd his countenance, nor ſlick't his skinne,
Ne craued he the Hoſtage of an Inne,
To eaſe his aking bones (with trauell ſore)
But went as ſpeedy, as he fled before,
The Cities greatnes made him not refuſe,
To be the trump of that vnwelcome newes
His tongue was great with; But (like thunders noyſe)
His mouth flew ope, and out there ruſht a voyce.

Iona's *prophecy to the Niniuites.*

*When dewy-cheek't* Aurora *ſhall diſplay*
*Her golden locks, and ſummon vp the Day*
*Twice twentie times, and reſt her drowzy head*
*Twice twentie more, in aged* Tithons *bed,*
*Then* Niniueh *this place of high renowne,*
*Shall be deſtroy'd, and ſackt, and batterd downe.*

He ſate not down to take deliberation,
What manner people were they, or what Nation,
Or Gent, or Saluage, nor did he enquier
What place were moſt conuenient for a Cryer,
Nor like a ſweet-lipt Orator did ſteare,
Or tune his language to the peoples eare,
But bold, and rough (yet full of maieſty)
Lift vp his trumpet, and began to Cry,

*When forty times Dan Phœbus ſhall fulfill*
*His Iournall courſe vpon th' Olympian Hill,*
*Then* Niniueh (*the Worlds great wonder*) *ſhall*
*Startle the Worlds foundation with her fall.*

The

The dreadfull Prophet ſtands not to admire
The Cities pomp, or peoples quaint attire,
Nor yet (with fond affection) doth pitty
Th'approching downfall of ſo braue a City:
But freely lifts his diſmall voyce on high,
Not caring who excepts againſt the Cry,
*When fortie Dayes ſhall be expir'd, and run,*
*And that poore Inch of time drawne out and dun,*
*Then Niniueh (the Worlds Imperiall throne)*
*Shall not be left a ſtone, vpon a ſtone.*

*Explicit Hiſt.*

---

*Meditatio octaua.*

BVt ſtay; Is God like one of vs? Can hee,
When he hath ſaid it, alter his Decree?
Can he that is the God of Truth, diſpence
With what he vow'd? or offer violence
Vpon his ſacred Iuſtice? Can his minde
Reuolt at all? or vary like the winde?
How comes it then to paſſe? How mought it bee,
That hauing limited his iuſt Decree
Vpon the expiring date of fortie dayes,
He then performes it not? But ſtill delayes
His plagues denounc't, and Iudgement ſtill forbeares,
And ſtead of fortie Dayes giues many yeares?
Yet fortie Dayes, and *Niniueh* ſhall periſh?
Yet fortie yeeres, and *Niniueh* doth flouriſh:
A change in man's infirme; in God 'tis ſtrange;
In God, to change his Will, and will a Change,
Are diuers things: When God repents from ill,
He wills a change; he changes not his Will;

*Obiect.*

*Reſolut. Aliud mutare voluntatem; aliud velle mutationem.* Aquin. 1. quæſt. 19 art. 7.

The

The ſubiect's chang'd, which ſecret he kept cloſe,
But not the mind, that ſo did it diſpoſe;
*Mutat ſententiam, ſed non mutat conſilium, lib. 20. mor. c. 29* Denounced Iudgement God doth oft preuent,
But neither changes counſell, nor intent:
Moreo're He ſeldome threatens a perdition,
But with expreſſe, or an impli'd condition:
So that, if *Niniuey* do turne from ill,
God turns his hand, he doth not turne his Will.
¶ The ſtint of *Niniuey* was forty dayes,
To cry for grace, and turne from euill wayes;
To ſome the time is large; To others ſmall,
To ſome 'tis many yeeres; And not at all
To others; Some an hower haue, and ſome
Haue ſcarce a minute of their time to come:
*Tempus vitæ, tempus pœnitentiæ.* Thy ſpan of life (*Malfido*) is thy ſpace,
To call for mercy, and to cry for grace.
¶ Lord! what is man, but like a worme that crawl's,
Open to danger, euery foot that falls?
Death creeps (vnheard) and ſteales abroad (vnſeene)
Her darts are ſudden, and her arrowes keene,
Vncertaine when, but certaine ſhe will ſtrike,
Reſpecting King, and begger both alike;
The ſtroke is deadly, come it earl', or late,
And once being ſtruck, repenting's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of ſudden ſorrow:
" Then liue to day, as thou maiſt dye to morrow.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Niniuites beleeue the Word;*
*Their hearts returne vnto the Lord;*
*In him they put their only truſt:*
*They mourne in Sackcloth, and in duſt.*

*Sect.* 9.

SO ſaid; the *Niniuites* beleeu'd the Word, *Hiſt.* Chap. 3. ver. 5.
Beleeued *Ionas*, and beleeu'd the Lord;
They made no pauſe, nor ieſted at the newes,
Nor ſlighted it, becauſe it was a Iew's
Denouncement: No, Nor did their gazing eyes
(As taken captiues with ſuch nouelties)
Admire the ſtrangers garb, ſo quaint to theirs,
No idle chat poſſeſt their itching eares,
The whil'ſt he ſpake: nor were their tongues on fier,
To raile vpon, or interrupt the Cryer,
Nor did they queſtion whether true the meſſage,
Or falſe the Prophet were, that brought th'embaſſage:
But they gaue faith to what he ſaid; relented,
And (changing their miſ-wandred wayes) repented;
Before the ſearching Ayre could coole his word,
Their hearts returned, and beleeu'd the Lord;
And they, whoſe dainty palats cloy'd whileare
With cates, and vyands were, and luſcious cheare,
Doe now enioyne their lips, not once to taſt
The offall bread, (for they proclaim'd a Faſt)

And they, whoſe wanton bodies once did lye
Wrapt vp in Robes, and Silkes, of princely Dye,
Lo now, in ſtead of Robes, in Rags they mourne,
And all their Silkes doe into Sackcloth turne.
They reade themſelues ſad Lectures on the ground,
Learning to want, as well as to abound;
The Prince was not exempted, nor the Peere,
Nor yet the richeſt, nor the pooreſt there;
The old man was not freed, (whoſe hoary age
Had eu'n almoſt outworne his Pilgrimage;)
Nor yet the young, whoſe Glaſſe (but new begun)
By courſe of nature had an age to run:
Verſ. 6. For when that fatall Word came to the King,
(Conuay'd with ſpeed vpon the nimble wing
Of flitting Fame) He ſtrait diſmounts his Throne,
Forſakes his Chaire of State he ſate vpon,
Diſrob'd his body, and his head diſcrown'd,
In duſt and aſhes grou'ling on the ground,
And when he rear'd his trembling corpes againe,
(His haire all filthy with the duſt he lay in)
He clad in penſiue Sackcloth, did depoſe
Himſelfe from ſtate Imperiall, and choſe
To liue a Vaſſall, or a baſer thing,
Then to vſurpe the Scepter of a King:
His golden cup of Honour and Authority,
Made him not drunke, and ſo forget mortality,
(Reſpectleſſe of his pompe) he quite forgate
He was a King, ſo mindleſſe of his State,
That he forgate to rule, or be obey'd;
*Explicit Hiſt.* Nor did he weild the Sword, nor Scepter ſway'd.

*Meditatio nona.*

¶ IS faſting then the thing that God requires?
Can faſting expiate, or ſlake thoſe fires
That Sinne hath blowne to ſuch a mighty flame?
Can ſackcloth clothe a fault? or hide a ſhame?
Can aſhes clenſe thy blot? or purge thy offence?
Or doe thy hands make God a recompence,
By ſtrowing duſt vpon thy bryny face?
Are theſe the tricks to purchaſe heau'nly grace?
No, though thou pine thy ſelfe with willing want;
Or face looke thinne, or Carkas ne'r ſo gaunt,
Although thou worſer weeds then ſackcloth weare,
Or naked goe, or ſleep in ſhirts of haire,
Or though thou chuſe an aſh-tub for thy bed,
Or make a daily dunghill on thy head,
Thy labour is not poyſ'd with equall Gaines,
For thou haſt nought but labour for thy paines:
Such idle madneſſe God reiects, and loaths,
That ſinkes no deeper, than the skinne, or cloaths;
'Tis not thine eyes which (taught to weep by art)
Looke red with teares, (not guilty of thy hart)
'Tis not the holding of thy hands ſo hye,
Nor yet the purer ſquinting of thine eye;
'Tis not your Mimmick mouthes, nor Antick faces,
Nor Scripture phraſes, nor affected Graces,
Nor prodigall vp-banding of thine eyes,
Whoſe gaſhfull balls doe ſeeme to pelt the skyes;
'Tis not the ſtrict reforming of your haire
So cloſe, that all the neighbour skull is bare;

# *A Feaſt for Wormes.*

'Tis not the drooping of thy head ſo low,
Nor yet the lowring of thy ſullen brow,
Nor howling, wherewithall you fill the ayre,
Nor repetitions of your tedious pray'r:
No,no, 'tis none of this,that God regards;
Matth.6 Such ſort of fooles their owne applauſe rewards;
Such Puppit-playes, to heau'n are ſtrange, and quaint,
Their ſeruice is vnſweet,and foully taint,
Their words fall fruitleſſe from their idle braine;
But true Repentance runnes in other ſtraine;
Where ſad contrition harbours,there thy hart
Is firſt acquainted with an inly ſmart,
And reſtleſſe grones within thy mournfull breſt,
Where ſorrow finds her ſelfe a welcome gheſt;
It throbs,it ſighes,it mournes in decent wiſe,
Diſſolu's,and fills the Ciſternes of thine eyes;
It frights thy penſiue ſoule,with ſtrange aſpects
Of crying ſinnes committed; It detects
Thy wounded conſcience;It cryes amaine,
For mercy,mercy,cryes,and cryes againe;
It vowes,it ſadly grieues,and ſore laments,
It yernes for grace,Reformes,Returnes,Repents;
I;this is Incenſe,whoſe accepted ſauour
Mounts vp the heauenly Throne,and findeth fauour:
I;this is it,whoſe valour neuer failes,
With God it ſtoutly wreſtles,and preuailes:
I;this is it,that pierces heauen aboue,
Neuer returning home (like *Noah's* Doue)
But brings an Oliffe leafe,or ſome encreaſe,
That works Saluation,and eternall Peace.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Prince and people faſts, and prayes;*
*God heard, accepted, lik'd their wayes:*
*Vpon their timely true repentance,*
*God reuerſt, and chang'd his ſentence.*

*Sect.* 10.

THen ſuddenly, with holy zeale inflam'd, *Hiſt.* Chap. 3. 7.
He cauſ'd a Generall act, to be proclam'd,
By good aduice, and counſell of his Peeres;
*Let neither Man, nor child, of youth, or yeeres,* *The Proclamation of the Niniuites.*
*From greateſt in the City, to the leaſt,*
*Nor Heard, nor pining Flock, nor hungry beaſt,*
*Nor any thing that draweth ayre, or breath,*
*On forfciture of life, or preſent death,*
*Preſume to taſte of nouriſhment, or food,*
*Or moue their hungry lips, to chew the cud;*
*From out their eyes let Springs of water burſt,*
*With teares (or nothing) let them ſlake their thurſt:*
*Moreo're, let euery man (what e're he be)* Verſ. 8.
*Of high preferment, or of low degree,*
*D'off all they weare (excepting but the ſame*
*That nature craues, and that which couers ſhame)*
*Their nakedneſſe with ſackcloth let them hide,*
*And mue the veſt'ments of their ſilken pride;*
*And let the braue cariering Horſe of warre,*
*(Whoſe rich Capariſons, and Trappings are*

*Of ſumptuous beautie, and of glorious ſhow)*
*Let him diſrobe, and put on ſackcloth too;*
*The Oxe (ordain'd for yoke) the Aſſe (for load)*
*The Horſe (as well for race, as for the road)*
*The burthen-bearing Cammell (ſtrong and great)*
*The fruitfull Kine, and eu'ry kind of Neate,*
*Let all put ſackcloth on, and ſpare no voyce,*
*But crie amaine to heau'n, with mightie noyſe;*
*Let all men turne the Byas of their wayes,*
*And change their fiercer hands, to force of praiſe:*
Verſ 9. *For who can tell, if God (whoſe angrie face*
*Hath long bin wayning from vs) will embrace*
*This ſlender pittance of our beſt endeuour?*
*Who knowes, if God will his intent perſeuer?*
*Or who can tell, if He (whoſe tender loue,*
*And mercy' extends his Iudgements farre aboue)*
*Will change his high Decree, and turne his ſentence*
*Vpon a timely, and vnfain'd Repentance?*
*And who can tell, if God will change the lot,*
*That we, and ours may liue, and periſh not?*

Verſ. 10. So God perceiu'd their works, and ſaw their wayes,
Approu'd the faith, that in their works did blaze,
Approu'd their works, approu'd their works the rather,
Becauſe their faith, and works went both together;
He ſaw their faith, becauſe their faith abounded,
He ſaw their works, becauſe on faith they grounded,
H'approu'd their faith, becauſe their faith was true,
H'approu'd their works, becauſe on faith they grew;
He ſaw their faith, and works, and ſo relented,
H'approu'd their faith, and works, and ſo repented;
Repented of the plagues, they apprehended;
Repented of the Euill, that he intended:

So

So God the vengeance of his hand with-drew,
He tooke no forfeiture, although 'twere due;
The Euill, that once he meant, he now forgot,
Cancell'd the forfeit bond, and did it not.

*Explicit Hiſt.*

---

*Meditatio decima.*

¶ LO, into what an ebbe of low eſtate
The Soule, that ſeekes to be regenerate,
Muſt firſt decline; Before the Ball rebound,
It muſt be throwne with force againſt the ground;
The Seed cannot encreaſe in fruitfull eares,
Nor can ſhe reare the goodly ſtalke ſhe beares,
Vnleſſe beſtrow'd vpon a mould of earth,
And made more glorious, by a ſecond birth:
So fares with Man; Before he can bring forth
The braue exploits of truly noble Worth,
Or hope the granting of his ſinnes remiſſion,
He muſt be humbl'd firſt in ſad contrition;
The plant (through want of skill, or by neglect)
If it be planted from the Sunnes reflect,
Or lack the dew of ſeaſonable ſhowres,
Decayes, and beareth neither Fruit, or Flowres;
So wretched Man, if his repentance hath
No quickning Sunne-ſhine of a liuely Faith,
Or not bedew'd with ſhow'rs of timely teares,
Or works of mercy (wherein Faith appeares)
His pray'rs, and deeds, and all his forged grones,
Are like the howles of Dogs, and works of Drones:
The skilfull Surgeon, firſt (by letting blood)
Weakens his Patient, ere he does him good;

Before

Before the Soule can a true comfort finde,
The Body muſt be proſtrate, and the Minde
Truly repentiue, and contrite within,
And loath the fawning of a boſome Sin.
But Lord! Can MAN deſerue? Or can his Beſt
Doe Iuſtice equall right, which he tranſgreſt?
When Duſt and Aſhes mortally offends,
Can Duſt and Aſhes make Eternall mends?
Is Heau'n vniuſt? Muſt not the Recompence
Be full Equiualent to the Offence?
What mends by mortall Man can then be giu'n
To the offended Maieſtie of heau'n?
O Mercie! Mercie! on thee my Soule relyes,
On thee we build our Faith, we bend our eyes;
Thou fill'ſt my empty ſtraine, thou fil'ſt my tongue;
Thou art the ſubiect of my Swan-like ſong;
Like pinion'd priſ'ners at the dying Tree,
Our lingring hopes attend, and wayte on thee;
(Arraign'd at Iuſtice barre) preuent our doome;
To thee with ioyfull hearts we cheerely come;
Thou art our Clergie; Thou that deareſt Booke,
Wherein our fainting eyes deſire to looke;
In thee, we truſt to reade (what will releaſe vs)
In bloudy Caracters, that name of IESVS.
¶ What ſhall we then returne to God of Heau'n?
Where nothing is (Lord) nothing can be giu'n;
Our ſoules, our bodies, ſtrength, and all our pow'rs,
(Alas!) were all too little, were they ours:
Or ſhall we burne (vntill our life expires)
An endleſſe Sacrifice in Holy fires?
¶ My Sacrifice ſhall be my HEART entire,
My Chriſt the Altar, and my Zeale the Fire.

THE ARGVMENT.

*The Prophet diſcontented prayes*
*To God, that he would end his dayes;*
*God blames his wrath ſo vnrepreſt,*
*Reproues his vnaduis'd Requeſt.*

*Sect.* II.

BVt this diſpleaſing was in *Iona's* eyes, *Hiſt.* Chap. 4. 1.
His heart grew hot, his blood began to riſe,
His eyes did ſparkle, and his teeth ſtruck fire,
His veines did boyle, his heart was full of yre;
At laſt brake foorth into a ſtrange requeſt,
Theſe words he pray'd, and mumbl'd out the reſt:

*Was not, O was not this my thought (O Lord)* Verſ. 2. Ionas *ſpeech to God.*
*Before I fled? Nay, was not this my Word,*
*The very Word, that theſe my lips had ſhaped,*
*When this miſ-hap mought well haue bin eſcaped?*
*Was there, O was there not a iuſt ſuſpect,*
*My preaching would procuer this effect?*
*For loe; I knew of old, thy tender loue;*
*I knew the pow'r, thou gau'ſt my Tongue, would moue*
*Their Adamantine hearts; I knew 'twould thaw*
*Their frozen ſpirits, and breed relenting awe;*
*I knew moreo're, vpon their true repentance,*
*That thou'dſt determin'dſt to reuerſe thy ſentence;*
*For lo, I knew, thou wert a Gracious God,*
*Of long forbearance, ſlow to vſe the Rod:*

*I knew the power of thy Mercies bent,*
*The ſtrength of all thy other works out-went;*
*I knew thy tender kindnes; and how loth*
*Thou wert to puniſh, and how ſlow to wrath;*
*Turning thy Iudgements, and thy plagues preuenting,*
*Thy mind reuerſing, and of Eu'll repenting:*
*Therefore (O therefore) through this perſwaſion,*
*I fled to* Tarſiſh, *there to make euaſion;*
*To ſaue thy credit* (Lord) *to ſaue mine owne:*
*For when this blaſt of zeale is ouer-blowne,*
*And ſackloth left, and they left off to mourne,*
*When they (like dogs) ſhall to their vomit turne,*
*They'l vilipend thy ſacred Word, and ſcoffe it,*
*Saying, Was that a God, or this a Prophet?*
*They'l ſcorne thy Iudgements, & thy threats deſpiſe,*
*And call thy Prophets, Meſſengers of lyes.*

Verſ 3. *Now therefore (Lord) bow downe attentiue eare,*
*(For lo, my burthen's more then I can beare)*
*Make ſpeed (O Lord) and baniſh all delayes,*
*T'extinguiſh (now) the tapour of my dayes:*
*Let not the minutes of my time extend,*
*But let my wretched howers find an end;*
*Let not my fainting ſprite thus long aby*
*In her fraile manſion of mortality:*
*The thrid's but weake, my life depends vpon,*
*O cut that thrid, and let my life be done;*
*My breſt ſtands faire, O ſtrike, and ſtrike againe,*
*For nought, but dying, can aſſwage my paine:*
*For liefer 'tis to dye, then liue in ſhame,*
*For better 'tis to leaue, and yeeld the game,*
*Then toyle for what at length muſt needs be loſt;*
*O kill me, for my heart is ſore imboſt;*

*This latter boone vnto thy ſeruant giue,*
*For better 'tis for mꝫ, to dye then liue.*
So wretched *Ionah*; But *Iehoua* thus;
*What boot's it ſo to ſtorme out-ragious?* Verſ. 4.
*Does it become my ſeruants heart to ſwell?*
*Can anger helpe thee,* Ionah? *Doeſt thou well?* *Explicit Hiſt.*

---

*Meditatio vndecima.*

¶ How poore a thing is man! How vain's his mind!
How ſtrange, & baſe! And wau'ring like ỹ wind!
How vncouth are his wayes! How full of danger!
How to himſelfe, is he himſelfe a ſtranger!
His heart's corrupt, and all his thoughts are vaine,
His actions ſinfull, and his words prophane,
His will's deprau'd, his ſenſes all beguil'd,
His reaſon's darke, His members all defil'd,
His haſtie feet are ſwift, and prone to ill,
His guilty hands are euer bent to kill,
His tongue's a ſpunge of venome, (or of worſe)
Her practice is to ſweare, her skill to curſe;
His eyes, are fierballs of luſtfull fire,
And outward ſpyes, to inward foule deſire,
His body is a well erected ſtation,
But full of filth, and foule corrupted paſſion,
Fond loue; and raging luſt, and fooliſh feares,
Exceſſiue ioy, and griefe o'rwhelm'd with teares
Immoderate; and couetous Deſier,
And ſinfull anger, red, and hot as fier;
Theſe daily clog the ſoule, that's faſt in priſon,
From whoſe encreaſe, this luckleſſe brood is riſen,

Virgil. Æneid. 8.
*Hinc metuunt, cupiunt, dolent, gaudentq;, nec auras*
*Reſpiciunt, clauſe tenebris, & carcere cæco.*

Reſpectleſſe Pride, and luſtfull Idlenes,
Foule ribbauld talke, and lothſome Drunkennes,
Fruitleſſe Deſpayre, and needleſſe Curioſitie,
Odious Ingratitude, Double Hypocriſie,
Baſe Flattery, and haughty-ey'd Ambition,
Heart-gnawing Hatred, and ſquint-ey'd Suſpition,
Self-eating Enuie, Enuious Detraction,
Hopeleſſe Diſtruſt, and too-too ſad Deiection,
Reuengefull Malice, Helliſh Blaſphemie,
Idolatry, and light Inconſtancie;
Daring Preſumption, wry-mouth'd Deriſion,
Fearefull Apoſtacie, vaine Superſtition.
¶ What heedfull watch? And what contin'all ward?
How great reſpect? and howerly regard,
Stands man in hand to haue, when ſuch a brood
Of furious hell-hounds ſeeke to ſuck his blood?
Day, night, and hower, they rebell, and wraſtle,
And neuer ceaſe, till they ſubdue the Caſtle.
¶ How ſleight a thing is man? How fraile and brittle?
How ſeeming great is he? How truly little?
Within the boſome of his holieſt works,
Some hidden Embers of old *Adam* lurks;
Which oftentimes in men of righteous wayes,
Burſt out in flame, and for a ſeaſon blaze.
¶ Lord teach our hearts, & giue our ſoules directions,
Subdue our Paſſions, Curb our ſtout Affections,
Nip thou the bud, before the Bloome begins;
Lord, keep all good men from preſumptuous ſins.

THE ARGVMENT.

*A Booth for ſhelter* Ionah *made;*
*God ſent a Gourd for better ſhade;*
*But by the next approching light,*
*God ſent a Worme conſum'd it quite.*

*Sect.* 12.

SO *Ionah* (ſore oppreſt, and heauy-hearted) *Hiſt. Chap 4 ver. 5.*
From out the Cities circuit ſtraight departed,
Departed to the Eaſterne borders of it,
Where ſick with anguiſh ſate this ſullen Prophet;
He built a Booth, and in the Booth he ſate,
(Vntill ſome few daies had expir'd their date
With ouer-tedious pace) where he might ſee,
What would betide to threatned *Niniuie*;
A trunk that wanteth ſap, is ſoone decay'd;
The ſlender Booth of boughs and branches made,
Soone yeelded to the fire of *Phœbus* Ray,
So dri'd to Duſt, conſuming quite away:
Whereat, the great *Iehoua* ſpake the word,
And ouer *Iona's* head there ſprang a Gourd, *Verſ. 6.*
Whoſe roots were fixt within the quickning earth,
Which gaue it nouriſhment, as well as birth;
God raiſed vp a Gourd, a Gourd ſhould laſt,
Let wind, or ſcortching Sunne, or blow, or blaſt;
As coales of fier rak'd in Embers, lye *Simile.*
Obſcure, and vndiſcerned by the eye;

But being ſtird, regaine a glimm'ring light,
Reuiue, and glow, burning a-freſh and bright;
So *Ionah* 'gan to cheare through this reliefe,
And ioyfull was, deuoyded all his griefe:
He ioy'd to ſee, that God had not forgot
His drooping ſeruant, nor forſooke him not;
He ioy'd, in hope the Gourds ſtrange wonder will
Perſwade the people, he's a Prophet ſtill;
The freſh aſpect did much content his ſight,
The herball ſauour gaue his ſenſe delight;
So *Ionah* much delighted in his Gourd,
Enioy'd the pleaſures, that it did affoord:
Verſ. 7. But Lord! what earthly thing can long remaine?
How momentary are they! and how vaine!
How vaine is earth, that man's delighted in it!
Her pleaſures riſe, and vaniſh in a minnit:
How fleeting are the ioyes, we find below!
Whoſe tides (vncertaine) alwayes ebbe, and flow;
For lo! this Gourd (that was ſo faire, and ſound)
Is quite conſum'd, and eaten to the ground;
No ſooner *Titan* had vp-heau'd his head,
From off the pillow of his Saffron bed,
But God prepar'd a ſilly, ſilly worme,
(Perchance brought thither, by an Eaſterne ſtorme)
The worme that muſt obey, and well knew how,
Conſum'd it quite, ne left it root, nor bow;
Conſum'd it ſtraight, within a minut's ſpace,
Explicit Hiſt. Left nought, but (ſleeping) *Ionas* in the place.

*Meditatio*

# *A Feaſt for Wormes.*

*Meditatio duodecima.*

¶THe Pleaſures of the world,(which ſoone abate)
Are liuely Emblems of our owne eſtate,
Which(like a Banquet at a Fun'rall ſhow)
But ſweeten griefe,and ſerue to flatter woe.
¶Pleaſure is fleeting ſtill,and makes no ſtay, *Voluptas.*
It lends a ſmile,or twaine,and ſteales away.
¶Man's life is fickle,full of winged haſte, *Vita.*
It mocks the ſenſe with ioy,and ſoone does waſte.
¶Pleaſure does crowne thy youth,and lulls thy wants, *Voluptas*
But (ſullen age approching) ſtraight auaunts.
¶Man's life is Ioy,and Dolor ſeekes to baniſh, *Vita.*
It doth lament,and mourne in age,and vaniſh.
¶The time of pleaſure's like the life of man;
Both ioyfull,both contained in a ſpan;
Both highly priz'd,and both on ſudden loſt,
When moſt we truſt them,they deceiue vs moſt;
What fit of madnes makes vs loue them thus?
We leaue our liues,and pleaſure leaueth vs:
Why what are Pleaſures? But a golden dreame, *Voluptas,quale*
Which(waking)makes our wants the more extreame?
And what is Life? A bubble full of care, *Vita,quale.*
Which(prickt by death) ſtraight empties into ayre:
The flowers(clad in far more rich array,
Then earſt was *Salomon*) doe ſoone decay;
What thing more ſweet,or fairer then a flowre?
Nath'les,it blooms,and fades within an howre;
What thing more pleaſing then a morning Sun?
And yet this pleaſure euery Day is dun:

But

But thou art heire to *Cræſus*, and thy treaſure
Being great, and endleſſe, endleſſe is thy pleaſure;
But thou (thou *Cræſus* heire) conſider muſt,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to duſt;
Another's noble, and his name is great,
And takes his place vpon a loftie ſeat;
True 'tis, but yet his many wants are ſuch,
That better 'twere he were not knowne ſo much.
Another binds his ſoule in *Hymens* knot,
His Spouſe is chaſte, and faire withouten ſpot,
But yet his comfort is bedaſht, and done,
His grounds are ſtock't, and now he want's a ſonne.
¶ How fickle, and vnconſtant's mans Eſtate!
Man faine would haue, but then he knowes not what;
And hauing, rightly knowes not how to prize it,
But like the fooliſh Dunghill-cock imploy's it:
But who deſires to liue a life content,
Wherein his Cruze of ioy ſhall ne'r be ſpent,
*Boetius Philoſ. conſol.* Let him conſider what may be deſir'd,
The date whereof is not to be expir'd:
For that's not worth the crauing, to obtaine
A happineſſe, that muſt be loſt againe;
Nor that, which moſt doe couet moſt, is beſt;
Beſt are the goods, mixt with contented reſt;
* *Folia vanitatis.* Gaſp not for * Honour, wiſh no blazing glory,
For theſe will periſh in an ages ſtory;
Nor yet for pow'r, for that may be conferr'd
On fooles, as well, as thee, that haſt deſeru'd.
Thirſt not for Lands, nor Mony; wiſh for none,
* *Lilia terræ.* For * Wealth is neither laſting, nor our owne;
Riches are faire inticements, to deceiue vs;
They flatter, while we liue, and dying, leaue vs.

THE ARGVMENT.

*Ionah deſires to dye, The Lord*
*Rebukes him, He maintaines his word,*
*His anger he doth iuſtifie,*
*God pleads the Cauſe for Niniuie.*

*Sect.* 13.

WHen ruddy *Phœbus* had (with morning light) *Hiſt.* Chap 4. 8.
Subdu'd the Eaſt, and put the ſtars to flight,
The Lord prepar'd a feruent Eaſterne wind,
Whoſe drought together with the Sunne combin'd,
Each adding fier to the others heat,
(With ſtrong vnited force) amaine did beat,
And ſore reflect vpon the helpleſſe head
Of fainting *Ionah* (that was well-nye dead)
Who turning oft, and toſſing to and fro,
(As they that are in torments vſe to doe)
And (reſtleſſe) finding no ſucceſſe of eaſe,
But rather, that his tortures ſtill encreaſe;
His ſecret paſſion to his ſoule betrai'd,
Wiſhing with all his heart to dye, and ſaid;
*O kill me (Lord) or lo, my heart will riue;*
*For better 'tis for me to dye then liue:*
So ſaid, the Lord did interrupt his paſſion,
Saying, *How now? Is this a ſeemly faſhion?*
*Doth it become my ſeruants heart to ſwell?*
*Can anger helpe thee?* Ionah, *do'ſt thou well?*

Verſ. 9. *Gods ſpeech to* Ionah.

*Is this a fit ſpeech? or a well-plac'd word?*
*What, art thou angry* (Ionah) *for a Gourd?*
*What, if th' Arabians with their ruder traine*
Iob. 1. *Had kill'd thine Oxen, and thy Cattell ſlaine?*
*What, if conſuming fier (falne from heauen)*
*Had all thy ſeruants of their liues bereauen,*
*And burnt thy Sheep? What, if by ſtrong oppreſſion*
*The Chaldees had vſurpt vniuſt poſſeſſion*
*Vpon thy Cammels? Or had* Boreas *blowne*
*His full-mouth'd blaſt, and caſt thy houſes downe,*
*And ſlaine thy ſonnes, amid their iollities?*
1. King. 21. 15. *Or hadſt thou loſt thy Vineyard full of trees?*
2. Sam. 12. 3. *Or bin bereaued of thine only Sheep,*
*That in thy tender boſome vſ'd to ſleep?*
*How would thine haſtie ſpirit then bin ſturr'd,*
*If thou art angry,* Ionah, *for a Gourd?*

Ionahs *anſwer.* So *Ionah* frames his anſwere thus, and ſaith,
*Lord, I doe well to vex vnto the death;*
*I bluſh not to acknowledge, and profeſſe*
*Deſerued rage, I'm angry, I confeſſe;*
*'Twould make a ſpirit that is thorow frozen,*
*To blaze like flaming Pitch, and frie like Rozen:*
*Why doſt thou aske that thing, that thou canſt tell?*
*Thou know'ſt I'm angry, and it beſeemes me well.*

Verſ. 10. So ſaid, the Lord to *Ionah* thus beſpake;
Gods reply. *Doſt thou bemoane, and ſuch compaſsion take*
*Vpon a Gourd, whoſe ſeed thou didſt not ſow,*
*Nor mou'd thy skilfull hands to make it grow,*
*Whoſe beautie ſmall, and profit was but ſlight,*
*Which ſprang, and alſo periſht in a night?*
*Hadſt thou (O duſt and aſhes) ſuch a care,*
*And in-bred pittie, a trifling plant to ſpare?*

*Hadſt*

*Hadſt thou, (O hard and incompaſsionate,*
*To wiſh the razing of ſo braue a State)*
*Hadſt thou (I ſay) compaſsion, to bewaile*
*The extirpation of a Gourd ſo fraile?*
*And ſhall not I (that am the Lord of Lords)* Verſ. 11
*Whoſe fountaine's neuer dry, but ſtill affords*
*Sweet ſtreames of mercie, with a freſh ſupply,*
*To thoſe that thirſt for grace? What ſhall not I,*
*(That am the God of mercie, and haue ſworne*
*To pardon ſinners, when ſoe're they turne?*
*(I ſay) ſhall I diſclaime my wonted pitie,*
*And bring to ruine ſuch a goodly Citie,*
*Whoſe hearts (ſo truly penitent) implore me,*
*Who day and night powre foorth their ſoules before me?*
*Shall I deſtroy the mightie* Niniuie,
*Whoſe people are like ſands about the ſea?*
*'Mong which are ſixe-ſcore thouſand ſoules (at leaſt)*
*That hang vpon their tender mothers breſt?*
*Whoſe prettie ſmiles did neuer yet deſcry*
*The deare affection of their mothers eye?*
*Shall I ſubuert, and bring to deſolation*
*A Citie, (nay, more aptly tearm'd a Nation)*
*Whoſe walls are wide, and wondrous full of might?*
*Whoſe hearts are ſorrowfull, and ſoules contrite?*
*Whoſe infants are in number, ſo amounting?*
*And beaſts, and cattell, endleſſe, without counting?*
*What,* Ionah, *ſhall a Gourd ſo moue thy pitie?*
*And ſhall not I ſpare ſuch a goodly Citie?* Explicit Hiſt.

*Meditatio vltima.*

¶ MY heart is full, and knowes not how to vent;
My tongue proues traytor to my poore intent;
My mind's in labour, and find's no redreſſe;
My heart conceiues, My tongue cannot expreſſe;
My organs ſuffer, through a maine Defect;
Alas! I want a proper Dialect,
To blazon forth the tythe of what I muſe;
The more I meditate, the more accrewes;
But lo, my faultring tongue muſt ſay no more,
Vnleſſe ſhe ſtep where ſhe hath trod before.
What? ſhall I then be ſilent? No, I'le ſpeake,
(Till tongue be tyred, and my lungs be weake)
Of deareſt mercie, in as ſweet a ſtraine,
As it ſhall pleaſe my Muſe to lend a vaine;
And when my voyce ſhall ſtop within her fourſe,
And ſpeech ſhall faulter in this high diſcourſe,
My tyred tongue (vnſham'd) ſhall thus extend,
Only to name, Deare mercie, and ſo end.
¶ Oh high Imperiall King, heauens Architect!
Is man a thing, befitting thy Reſpect?
Lord, thou art wiſdome, and thy wayes are holy,
But man's polluted, full of filth, and folly,
Yet is he (Lord) the fabrick of thy hand,
And in his ſoule he beares thy glorious brand,
How-e're defaced with the ruſt of ſin,
Which hath abus'd thy ſtamp, and eaten in;
'Tis not the frailtie of mans corrupted nature,
Makes thee aſham'd, t'acknowledge man, thy creature;

But

But like a tender father, here on earth,
(Whoſe child by nature, or abortiue birth,
Doth want that ſweet and fauourable relliſh,
Wherewith, her creatures, Nature doth imbelliſh)
Reſpects him ne'rtheleſſe; ſo ſtands the caſe,
'Twixt God, and ſinfull man: Though ſinne deface
The glorious portraiture that man did beare,
Whereby he loath'd, and vgly doth appeare,
Yet God (within whoſe tender bowels are
Deep gulfs of mercie, ſweet beyond compare)
Regards, and loues, (with reu'rence be it ſaid)
Nay ſeems to dote on man; when he hath ſtrayd,
Lord, thou haſt brought him to his fold againe;
When he was loſt, thou didſt not then diſdaine
To think vpon a vagabond, and giue
Thine only Sonne to dye, that he might liue.
How poore a mite art thou content withall,
That man may ſcape his downe-approching fall?
Though baſe we are, yet didſt not thou abhorre vs,
But (as our ſtory notes) art pleading for vs,
To ſaue vs harmleſſe from our foemans iawes;
Art thou turn'd Oratour, to plead our cauſe?
¶ How are thy mercies full of admiration!
How ſoueraigne! How ſweet's their application!
Fatning the ſoule with ſweetnes, and repayring
The rotten ruines of a ſoule Deſpayring.
¶ Loe here (*Malfido*) is the feaſt prepar'd;
Fall too with courage, and let nought be ſpar'd;
Taſte freely of it, Here's no Miſers feaſt;
Eate what thou canſt, and pocket vp the reſt:
Theſe precious vyands are Reſtoritie,
Eate then; and if the ſweetnes make thee drie,

# *A Feaſt for Wormes.*

Drink large Carouſes out of Mercies cup,
The beſt lies in the bottome, Drinke all vp:
Theſe cates are ſweet Ambroſia to thy ſoule,
And that, which fils the brimme of Mercies boule,
Is dainty Nectar; Eate, and drinke thy fill;
Spare not the one, ne yet the other ſpill;
Prouide in time: Thy Banquet's now begun,
Lay vp in ſtore, againſt the feaſt be done:
For lo, the time of banquetting is ſhort,
And once being done, the world c nnot reſtor't;
It is a feaſt of Mercy, and of Grace;
It is a feaſt for all, or hye, or baſe;
A feaſt for him that begs vpon the way,
As well for him that does the Scepter ſway;
A feaſt for him that howerly bemoanes
His deareſt ſinnes, with ſighs, and teares, and groanes;
A feaſt for him, whoſe gentle heart reformes;
A feaſt for MEN; and ſo a FEAST FOR WORMES.

¶ *Deare liefeſt Lord, that feaſt'ſt the world with Grace,*
*Extend thy bountious Hand, thy Glorious Face:*
*Bid ioyfull welcome to thy hungry gheſt,*
*That we may praiſe the Maſter of the Feaſt;*
*And in thy mercie grant this boone to mee,*
*That I may dye to ſinne, and liue to thee.*

*FINIS.*

S. AMBROSE.
*Miſericordia eſt plenitudo omnium virtutum.*

THE

# THE GENERALL VSE OF this Hiſtory.

¶ WHen as the Ancient world did all imbarke
Within the compaſſe of good *Noahs* Arke,
Into the new-waſht world a Doue was ſent,
Who in her mouth return'd an Oliffe plant,
Which in a ſilent language this related:
How that the waters were at length abated:
Thoſe ſwelling waters, is the wrath of God,
And like the Doue, are Prophets ſent abroad:
The Oliffe leafe's a ioyfull type of peace,
Whereby we note Gods vengeance doth decreaſe;
They ſalue the wounded heart, and make it whole,
They bring glad tydings to the drooping ſoule,
Proclaiming grace to them that thirſt for Grace,
Mercie to thoſe that Mercie will embrace.
¶ *Malfido*, thou, in whoſe diſtruſtfull breſt
Deſpayre hath brought in ſticks to build her neſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely lodge her luckleſſe brood,
To feed vpon thy heart, and ſuck thy blood,
Beware betimes, leſt cuſtome and permiſſion
Preſcribe a Right, and ſo ſhe claime poſſeſſion.
¶ Deſpairing man, whoſe burthen makes thee ſtoop
Vnder the terror of thy ſinnes, and droop
Through dull deſpayre, whoſe too-too ſullen griefe
Makes Heauen vnable to apply reliefe,
Whoſe eares are dull'd with noyſe of whips & chaines,
And yells of damned ſoules, through tort'red paines,

Come

## *The generall vſe of this Hiſtory.*

Come here,and rouze thy ſelfe;vnſeele thoſe eyes,
Which ſad Deſpaire cloſ'd vp;Ariſe,Ariſe,
And goe to *Nininey*, the worlds great Palace,
Earths mighty wonder,and behold,the ballace,
And burthen of her bulk,is nought but ſin,
Which(wilfull)ſhe commits,and wallowes in;
Behold her Images,her fornications,
Her crying ſinnes,her vile abominations;
Behold the guiltleſſe bloud that ſhe did ſpill,
Like Spring tides in the ſtreets,and reeking ſtill:
Behold her ſcortching luſts,and taint deſier,
Like Sulph'rous *Ætna* blaze,and blaze vp hier;
She rapes,and rends,and theeues,and there is none
Can iuſtly call the thing he hath,his owne;
That ſacred Name of God,that Name of wonder,
In ſtead of worſhipping,ſhe teares in ſunder;
She's not enthrall'd to this ſinne,or another,
But like a Leper's all infected ouer;
Not only ſinfull,but in ſinnes ſubiection,
She's not infected,but a meere infection.
No ſooner had the Prophet(Heau'ns great Spy)
Begun an onſet to his greater Cry,
But ſhe repented,ſigh'd,and wept,and tore
Her curious haire,and garments that ſhe wore,
She ſate in aſhes,and put ſackcloth on,
All drencht in briny griefe,all woe-begon;
She calls a Faſt,proclaimes a Prohibition
To man,and beaſt;(ſad tokens of contrition)
No ſooner prayd,but heard; No ſooner groan'd,
But pitied; No ſooner grieu'd,but moan'd;
Timely Repentance ſpeedy grace procur'd,
The ſore that's ta'ne in time,is quickly cur'd:

No

## *The generall vſe of this Hiſtory.*

No ſooner did her trickling teares or'-flow
Her blubber'd cheekes, (ſlie meſſengers of woe)
But ſtraitwaies heau'n wip't her ſuffuſed eyes,
And gently ſtrok'd her cheeks, and bid her riſe;
No faults were ſeene, as if no fault had bin,
Deare Mercy made a Quittance for her ſin.
¶ *Malfido*, rouze thy leaden ſpirit, Beſtirre thee,
Hold vp thy drowſie head, Here's comfort for thee;
What if thy Zeale be frozen hard? What then?
Thy Sauiours Blood will thaw that froſt agen:
Thy prayr's that ſhould be feruent, hot as fier,
Proceed but coldly from a dull Deſier;
What then? Grieue Inly, But doe not diſmay,
Who hear's thy pray'rs, will giue thee ſtrength to pray:
Though left awhile, thou art not quite giu'n o're,
*Where Sinne abounds, there Grace aboundeth more:*
¶ 'Las, this is all the good that I can doe thee,
To eaſe thy griefe, I here commend vnto thee
A little Booke, but a great Myſtery,
A great Delight, A little Hiſtory;
A little branch ſlipt from a ſauing tree,
But bearing fruit as great, as great mought bee;
A ſmall abridgment 'tis of Gods great loue;
A Meſſage ſent from heauen by a Doue:
It is a heauenly Lecture, that relates
To Princes, Paſtors, People, all Eſtates
Their ſeu'rall duties.
¶ Peruſe it well, and binde it to thy breſt,
There reſts the Cauſe of thy Defectiue reſt:
But reade it often, or elſe reade it not:
Once read, is not obſeru'd, or ſoone forgot,
Nor is't enough to reade, but vnderſtand,

## *The generall vſe of this Hiſtory.*

Or elſe thy tongue, for want of wit, 's prophan'd,
Nor is't enough to purchaſe knowledge by it;
Salue heales no ſore, vnleſſe the party apply it:
Apply it then; 'Tis hard, and mickle paines,
*Fac quod potes, & quod non potes, pete.* Doe what thou canſt, and pray for what remaines.

### *The particular application.*

¶ THen thou, that art oppreſt with ſad Deſpayre,
*Ionah*, Chap. 2. & chap 3. 10. *Application.* Here ſhalt thou ſee the ſtrong effect of Prayre:
Then pray with faith, and (feruent) without ceaſing
(Like *Iacob*) wreſtle, till thou get a bleſſing.
Chap. 1. 17. ¶ Here ſhalt thou ſee the type of Chriſt, thy Sauiour;
*Application.* Then let thy Suits be through his name, and fauour.
Chap. 3. 5. ¶ Here ſhalt thou finde repentance and true griefe
Of ſinners like thy ſelfe, and their beliefe;
*Application.* Then ſuit thy griefe to theirs, and let thy ſoule
Cry mightily, vntill her wounds be whole.
Chap. 3. 10. ¶ Here ſhalt thou ſee the meeknes of thy God,
Who on Repentance turnes, and burnes the Rod;
Repents, of what he meant, and ſeemeth ſorrie;
Chap. 4. Here mayſt thou then behold him pleading for ye:
*Application.* Then thus ſhall be thy meed, if thou repent,
In ſtead of plagues and direfull puniſhment,
Thou ſhalt finde mercy, loue, and heauens applauſe,
And God of heauen (himſelfe) will plead thy cauſe.
¶ Here haſt thou then compil'd within this Treaſure,
Chap. 1. 2. Firſt, the Almightyes high, and iuſt diſpleaſure
Againſt ſoule ſinne, or ſuch as ſinfull bee,
Or Prince, or poore, or high, or low degree.
Chap. 3. 4. ¶ Here is deſcri'd the beaten Road to Faith:
Chap. 3. 5. ¶ Here mayſt thou ſee the force that Preaching hath:

Here

# *The generall vſe of this Hiſtory.*

¶Here is deſcrib'd in(briefe but)full expreſſion, Chap.3.6.
The nature of a Conuert,and his paſſion:
His ſober Diet,which is thin,and ſpare,
His clothing,which is Sackcloth;and his Prayre
Not faintly ſent to heauen,nor ſparingly,
But piercing,feruent,and a mightie cry:
¶Here maiſt thou ſee,how Pray'r,and true Repentance Chap.3.10.
Doe ſtriue with God,preuaile,and turne his ſentence,
From ſtrokes to ſtroking,and from plagues infernall,
To boundleſſe Mercies, and to life Eternall.
¶Till *Zepher* lend my Bark a ſecond Gale,
I ſlip mine Anchor,and I ſtrike my ſaile.

*FINIS.*

*O Dulcis ſaluator Mundi! vltima verba que tu dixiſti in Cruce, ſint vltima mea verba in Luce; & quando amplius effare non poſſum, exaudi tu cordis mei deſiderium.*

# A Hymne to God.

WHo giues me then an Adamantine Quill?
A Marble tablet? And a Dauids skill?
To blazon foorth the praiſe of my deare Lord
In deep grau'n letters, aye vpon Record
To laſt, for times eternall proceſſe, ſuer,
So long, as Sunne, and Moone, and Stars enduer:
Had I as many mouthes, as Sands there are,
Had I a nimble tongue for euery Starre,
And euery word I ſpeake, a Caractere,
And euery minutes time ten ages were,
To chaunt foorth all thy praiſe it nought auaile,
For tongues, and words, and time, and all would faile:
Much leſſe can I poore Weakling tune my tongue,
To take a taske befits an Angels ſong;
Sing what thou canſt, when thou canſt ſing no more,
Weep then as faſt that thou canſt ſing no more,
Beblurre thy booke with teares, and goe thy wayes,
For euery blurre will proue a booke of praiſe.
Thine Eye that viewes the mouing Spheares aboue,
Let it giue praiſe to him that makes them moue:
Thou riches haſt; Thy Hands that hold, and haue them,
Let them giue praiſe to him, that freely gaue them:
Thine Armes defend thee, then for recompence,
Let them praiſe him, that gaue thee ſuch defence:
Thy Tongue was giuen to praiſe thy Lord, the giuer,
Then let thy Tongue praiſe higheſt God for euer:
Faith comes by hearing, and thy faith will ſaue thee;
Then let thine Eares praiſe him, that hearing gaue thee:
Thy heart is begg'd by him that firſt did make it,
My ſonne, giue me thy heart; Lord, freely take it:
Eyes, hands, and armes, tongues, eares, and hearts of men,
Sing praiſe, and let the people ſay, Amen.

¶Tune

# A Hymne to God.

¶ *Tune you your Inſtruments, and let them vary,* Pſal. 150.
*Praiſe him vpon them in his Sanctuary,*
*Praiſe him within the higheſt Firmament,*
*Which ſhewes his power and his gouernment,*
*Praiſe him, for all his mighty Acts are knowne,*
*Praiſe him according to his high Renowne,*
*Praiſe him with Trump victorious, ſhrill, and ſharp,*
*With Pſaltry lowd, and many-ſtringed Harp,*
*With ſounding Tymbrell, and delightfull Flute,*
*With (Muſicks full Interpreter) the Lute,*
*Praiſe him vpon the Mayden Virginalls,*
*Vpon the clerick Organs, and Cymballs,*
*Vpon the ſweet maieſtick Vyalls touch,*
*Double your ioyes, and let your praiſe be ſuch;*
*Let all, in whom is life and breath, giue praiſe*
*To mighty God of Hoſts, in endleſſe dayes;*
*Let euery Soule, to whom a voyce is giuen,*
*Sing Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord of heauen;*
*For loe, a Lambe is found, that vndertooke*
*To breake the ſeuen-fold-ſeale, and ope the Booke:*
¶ *O let my life add number to my dayes,*
*To ſhew thy Glory, and to ſing thy praiſe;*
*Let euery minute in thy praiſe be ſpent,*
*Let euery head be bare, and knee be bent*
*To thee (deare Lambe;) Who ere thy praiſes hide,*
*O let his lips be cloſ'd, and tongue for euer ty'de.*

Halelujah:
*Gloria Deo in excelſis.*

# Eleuen Pious Meditations.

I

¶ WIthin the holy Writ I well discouer
Three speciall Attributes of God; His Power,
His Iustice, and his Mercy, All vncreated,
Eternall all, and all Vnseparated
From Gods pure Essence, yet from thence proceeding
All very God, All perfect, All exceeding;
And from that selfe-same Text three names I gather
Of Great Iehoua; Lord, and God, and Father;
The first denotes him mounted on his Throne,
In Power, Maiesty, Dominion;
The next descries him on his Kingly Bench,
Rewarding Euill with dreadfull punishments;
The third describes him on his Mercy-seate,
Full great in Grace, and in his Mercy great;
¶ All three I worship, and before all three
My heart shall humbly prostrate, with my knee;
But in my priuate choice, I fancie rather,
Then call him Lord, or God, to call him Father.

¶ In

¶ *IN Hell no* Life, *in Heauen no* Death *there is,*
*In Earth both* Life, *and* Death, *both Bale, and Blis,*
*In Heauen's all* Life, *no end, nor new ſupplying;*
*In Hell's all* Death, *and yet there is no dying;*
*Earth (like a partiall Ambidexter) doth*
*Prepare for* Death, *or* Life, *prepares for Both;*
*Who liues to ſinne, in Hell his portion's giuen,*
*Who dyes to ſinne, ſhall after liue in Heauen.*
¶ *Though Earth my* Nurſe *be, Heauen, be thou my* Father;
*Ten thouſand deaths let me enduer rather*
*Within my* Nurſes *armes, then One to* Thee;
*Earths honor, with thy frownes, is death to mee:*
*I liue on Earth, as on a* Stage *of ſorrow;*
*Lord, if thou pleaſeſt, end the* Play *to morrow:*
*I liue on Earth, as in a Dreame of pleaſure,*
*Awake me when thou wilt, I wait thy leiſure:*
*I liue on Earth, but as of life bereauen,*
*My life's with thee, for (Lord)* thou art in Heauen.

¶ *Nothing*

¶ *Nothing that e'r was made, was made for nothing:*
Beasts *for thy food, their* skins *were for thy clothing,*
Flow'rs *for thy smell, and* Herbs *for Cuer good,*
Trees *for thy shade, Their* Fruit *for pleasing Food:*
*The* showers *fall vpon the fruitfull ground,*
*Whose kindly* Dew *makes tender* Grasse *abound,*
*The* Grasse *is made for* beasts *to feed vpon,*
*And* beasts *are food for* Man : *But* Man *alone*
*Is made to serue his* Lord *in all his waies,*
*And be the Trumpet of his Makers praise.*
¶ *Let* Heau'n *be then to me obdure as brasse,*
*The* Earth *as yron, vnapt for graine, or grasse,*
*Then let my* Flocks *consume, and neuer steed me,*
*Let pinching* Famine *want, wherewith to feed me,*
*When I forget to honour thee, (my Lord)*
*Thy glorious Attributes, thy* Works, *thy* Word.
*O let the Trump of thine eternall* Fame,
*Sound euer, Euer* hallow'd be thy Name.

¶ God

¶ God *made the World, and all that therein is,*
Yet, *what a little part of it is his?*
*Quarter the Earth, and see, how ſmall a roome*
*Is ſtiled with the name of* Chriſtendome;
*The reſt (through blinded ignorance) rebels,*
*O're-run with* Pagans, Turks, *and* Infidels:
*Nor yet is all this little Quarter his,*
*For (though all know him) halfe know him amiſſe,*
*Profeſſing* Chriſt *for lucre, (as they liſt)*
*And ſerue the triple Crowne of* Antichriſt;
*Yet is this little handfull much made leſſer,*
*Ther's many* Libertines, *for one* Profeſſor:
*Nor doe Profeſſors all profeſſe aright,*
*'Mong whom there often lurks an* Hypocrite.
¶ *O where, and what's thy Kingdome? (bleſſed God)*
*Where is thy* Scepter? *wher's thine yron* Rod?
*Reduce thy reck'nings to their totall ſumme,*
*O let thy Power, and* thy Kingdome Come.

¶ MAN *in himselfe's a little* World, *Alone,*
*His* Soul's *the* Court, *or high Imperiall Throne,*
*Wherein as* Empresse, *sits the* Vnderstanding
*Gently directing, yet with awe Commanding:*
*Her Handmaid's* WILL: Affections, *Maids of Honor,*
*All following close, and duly waiting on her:*
*But* Sin, *that alwaies enui'd mans Condition,*
*Within this kingdome raised vp* Diuision;
*Withdrawne mans* Will, *and brib'd his false* Affection,
*That* This, *no order hath, nor* That, *Election;*
*The* Will *proues traitor to the* Vnderstanding;
Reason *hath lost her power, and left commanding,*
*She's quite depos'd, and put to foule disgrace,*
*And Tyrant* Will, *vsurps her Empty place.*
¶ *Vouchsafe (Lord) in this little* World *of mine*
*To raigne, that I may raigne with* Thee *in thine:*
*And since my* will *is quite of good bereauen,*
Thy will be done in earth, as 'tis in heauen.

¶ *Who*

¶ WHo liue to ſin, they all are theeues to Heauen,
And Earth; They ſteale frõ God, & take vngiuen;
Good men they rob, and ſuch as liue vpright,
And (being baſtards) ſhare the free-mans Right:
They're all as owners, in the owners ſtead,
And (like to Dogs) deuoure the childrens bread;
They haue, and lack, and want what they poſſeſſe,
They're moſt vnhappy, in their moſt happineſſe:
They are not goods, but riches, that thou haſt,
And not being goods, to eu'ls they turne at laſt.
¶ (Lord) what I haue, let me enioy in thee,
And thee in it, or elſe take it from mee;
My ſtore, or want, make thou, or fade, or flouriſh,
So ſhall my comforts neither change, nor periſh;
That little I enioy, (Lord) make it mine,
In making me (that am a Sinner) thine;
'Tis thou, or none, that ſhall ſupply my need,
O Lord; Giue vs this day our daily bread.

7

¶ THe *quick-conceited* Schoole-men *well approue*
*A difference 'twixt* Charitie, *and* Loue;
Loue *is a vertue, whereby we explaine*
*Our ſelues to* God, *and God to* vs *againe:*
*But* Charity's *imparted to our Brother,*
*Whereby we traffick,* one *man with* another:
*The* firſt *extends to* God; *The* laſt *belongs*
*To* man, *In giuing* right, *and bearing* wrongs;
*In number, they are* twaine, *In vertue,* One;
*For one not truly being, t'others none.*
¶ *In louing* God, *if I neglect my* Neighbour,
*My* loue *hath loſt his proofe, and* I *my labour:*
*My* Zeale, *my* Faith, *my* Hope *that neuer failes me,*
*(If* Charitie *be wanting) nought auailes me.*
¶ *(Lord) in my Soule, a ſpirit of* Loue *create me,*
*And I will loue my* Brother, *if he hate me:*
*In nought but* loue, *let me enuy my betters;*
*And then,* Forgiue my debts, as I my detters.

¶ I

¶ I *Finde a true reſemblance in the growth*
*Of* Sin, *and* Man; *Alike in breeding, both;*
*The* Soul's *the* Mother, *and the* Diuell Syer,
*Who luſting long in mutuall hot deſier,*
*Enioy their* wils, *and ioyne in* Copulation;
*The* Seed *that fils her* wombe, *is foule* Tentation;
*The ſinnes* Conception, *is the Soules* Conſent;
*And then it* quickens, *when it giues* content;
*The birth of* Sin *is finiſht in the* action;
*And* Cuſtome *brings it to its full* perfection.
¶ *O let my fruitleſſe* Soule *be barren rather,*
*Then bring foorth ſuch a* Child, *for ſuch a* Father:
*Or if my Soule breed* Sin, *(not being wary)*
*O let it either* dye, *or elſe* miſcarry;
*She is thy Spouſe* (O Lord) *doe thou aduiſe her,*
*Keepe thou her chaſte, Let not the* Fiend *entice her:*
*Trie thou my heart, Thy* Trials *bring* Saluation,
*But* let me not be led into Temptation.

¶ FOrtune *(that blind ſuppoſed Goddeſſe) is*
*Still rated at, if ought ſucceed amiſſe;*
*'Tis ſhe (the vaine abuſe of Prouidence)*
*That beares the* blame, *when others make th'* offence;
*When this mans* barne *finds not her wonted* ſtore,
Fortune's *condemn'd, becauſe ſhe ſent no more;*
*If this man dye, or that man liue too long,*
Fortune's *accuſ'd, and ſhe hath done the* wrong;
*Ah fooliſh* Dolts, *and (like your* Goddeſſe) *blind!*
*You make the* fault, *and call your* Saint *vnkind;*
*For when the cauſe of* Eu'll *begins in* Man,
*Th'effect enſues from whence the cauſe began;*
*Then know the reaſon of thy diſcontent,*
*The eu'll of* Sinne, *makes Eu'll of* puniſhment.
¶ *(Lord) hold me vp, or ſpurre me, when I fall;*
*So ſhall my Eu'll be* iuſt, *or not* at all:
*Defend me from the* World, *the* Fleſh, *the* Deuill,
*And ſo thou ſhalt* deliuer me from Euill.

¶ *The*

¶ *THe Prieſtly* skirts *of* A'rons *holy coate*
*I kiſſe; and to my morning* Muſe *deuote:*
*Had neuer* King, *in any age, or Nation,*
*Such glorious* Robes, *ſet foorth in ſuch a faſhion,*
*With* Gold, *and* Gemmes, *and* Silks *of Princely Dye,*
*And* Stones, *befitting more then* Maieſtie:
*The Perſian* Sophies, *and rich* Shæba's Queene
*Had ne'r the like, nor e'r the like had ſeene;*
*Vpon the* skirts *(in order as they fell)*
*Firſt, a* Pomegranat *was, and then a* Bell;
*By each* Pomegranat *did a* Bell *appeare;*
*Many* Pomegranats, *many* Bels *there were;*
*Pomegranats* nouriſh, *Bels doe make a* ſound;
*As* bleſſings *fall,* Thankſgiuings *muſt abound.*
¶ *If thou wilt clothe my heart with* A'rons *tyer,*
*My* tongue *ſhall praiſe, as well as* heart *deſier:*
*My* tongue, *and* pen, *ſhall dwell vpon thy* Story,
*(O Lord)* for thine is Kingdome, Power, Glory.

¶ *The*

¶ THe *Ancient* Sophiſts, *that were ſo preciſe,*
(*And often-times* (*perchance*) *too* curious *nice*)
*Auerre, that* Nature *hath beſtow'd on Man*
*Three perfect* Soules: *When this I truly ſcan,*
*Me thinks, their* Learning *ſwath'd in Errour, lyes;*
*They were not* wiſe *enough, and yet too* wiſe,
*Too curious wiſe, becauſe they mention more*
*Then* one; *Not wiſe enough, becauſe not* foure;
Nature, *not* Grace, *is Miſtres of their* Schooles;
Grace *counts them* wiſeſt, *that are verieſt* Fooles:
*Three* Soules *in man?* Grace *doth a* fourth *allow,*
*The Soule of* Faith: *But this is* Greeke *to you:*
*'Tis* Faith *that makes man* truly wiſe; *'Tis* Faith
*Makes him poſſeſſe that thing he neuer hath.*
¶ *This* Glorious *Soule of* Faith *beſtow on mee,*
*(O Lord) or elſe take thou the* other three:
Faith *makes men* leſſe *then Children,* more *then Men,*
*It makes the Soule crie,* Abba, *and* Amen.

*Sapere eſt inſipere.*

FINIS.

# PENTELOGIA:

## *Or*

## THE QVINTESSENCE OF MEDITATION.

---

*Mors tua, Mors Chriſti, Fraus Mundi, Gloria Cæli,*
*Et Dolor Inferni, ſunt meditanda tibi.*

*Thy Death, the Death of Chriſt, the Worlds Tentation,*
*Heauens Ioy, Hells Torment, be thy Meditation.*

---




*AT LONDON,*
Imprinted by *Felix Kyngſton*, for *Richard Moore*,
and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint
*Dunſtans* Church-yard. 1620.

# Mors tua.

I

¶ ME thinks, I ſee the nimble-aged Syre
Paſſe by amaine, with feete vnapt to tyre,
Vpon his head an Hower-glaſſe he weares,
And in his wrinkled hand, a Sithe he beares,
(Both Inſtruments, to take the liues from Men,
Th'one ſhewes with what, the other ſheweth when.)
Me thinkes, I heare the Doleſull Paſſing-bell,
Setting an onſet to his lowder knell;
(This moody muſick of impartiall Death
Who daunces after, daunces out of breath.)
Me thinkes, I ſee my deareſt friends lament,
With ſighs, and teares, and wofull dryriment,
My tender Wife, and Children, ſtanding by,
Dewing the Death-bed, whereupon I lye.
Me thinkes, I heare a Voyce (in ſecret) ſay,
Thy Glaſſe is runne, and thou muſt dye to day.

# Mors Chriſti.

## 2

¶ AND am I here, and my Redeemer gone?
Can He be dead, and is not my life done?
Was he tormented in exceſſe of meaſure?
And doe I liue yet? And yet liue in pleaſure?
Alas! could Sinners finde out ne'r a one,
More fit then Thee, for them to ſpit vpon?
Did thy cheekes entertaine a Traytors lips?
Was thy deare body ſcourg'd, and torne with whips,
So that the guiltleſſe blood came trickling after?
And did thy fainting browes ſweat blood and water?
Wert thou (Lord) hang'd vpon the Curſed Tree?
O world of Griefe! And was all this for mee?
¶ Burſt foorth, my teares, into a world of ſorrow,
And let my nights of griefe ne'r finde a morrow;
Since thou art dead (Lord) grant thy ſeruant roome,
Within his heart, to build thy heart a Tombe.

¶ What

3

¶ WHat is the World? A great Exchange of ware,
Wherein all ſorts, and ſexes cheapning are,
The Fleſh, the Diuell ſit, and cry, What lack ye?
When moſt they fawne, they moſt intend to rack ye;
The wares, are Cups of Ioy, and Beds of Pleaſure,
There's goodly choice, downe weight, and flowing meaſure;
A Soul's the price, but they giue time to pay,
Vpon the Death-bed, on the dying Day.
¶ Hard is the Bargaine, and vniuſt the Meaſure,
When as the Price ſo much out-laſts the Pleaſure:
The Ioyes that are on earth are Counterfeits;
If ought be true, 'tis this, Th'are true Deceits;
They flatter, fawne, and (like the Crocadile)
Kill where they laugh, and murther where they ſmile:
They daily dip within thy Diſh, and Cry,
Who hath betray'd thee? Maſter, Is it I?

4

¶ WHen I behold, and well aduiſe vpon
The Wiſemans ſpeech, There's nought beneath
Eccleſ. 1. But vanitie, my Soule rebells within, (the Sun,
And loaths the Dunghill-priſon ſhe is in:
But when I looke to new Ieruſalem,
Wherein's reſeru'd my Crowne, my Diadem,
O what a Heauen of bliſſe, my Soule enioyes,
On ſudden rapt into that heauen of Ioyes!
Where rauiſht (in the depth of meditation)
She well diſcernes, with Eye of Contemplation,
The Glory of God, in his Imperiall Seat,
Full ſtrong in Might, in Maieſtie compleat,
Where troups of Powers, Vertues, Cherubins,
Angels, Archangels, Saints, and Seraphins,
Are chaunting praiſes to their heauenly King,
Where Halelujah they for euer ſing.

¶ Let

# Dolor Inferni.

5

¶ *Let Poets pleaſe to torture* Tantalus,
*Let gryping Vultures gnaw* Prometheus,
*And let* Ixion *turne his endleſſe Wheele,*
*Let* Nemeſis *torment with whips of Steele;*
*They far come ſhort, t'expreſſe the paines of* thoſe
*That rage in* Hell, *inwrapt in endleſſe woes;*
*Where* time *no end, nor* plagues *finde no exemption;*
*Where* cryes *admit no helpe, nor* place *redemption;* *Ex inferni nulla redemptio.*
*Where fier lacks no* flame, *the flame no* heate,
*To make their* torments *ſharp, and* plagues *compleat;*
*Where wretched Soules to* tortures *bound ſhall bee,*
*Seruing a* world of yeeres, *and not be* Free;
*Where nothing's heard, but* yells, *and* ſudden cryes;
*Where* fier *neuer ſlakes, nor* Worme *e'r dyes:*
*But where this* Hell *is plac'd* (my Muſe) *ſtop there,*
*Lord, ſhew me* what *it is, but neuer* where.

*Can*

# 1 *Mors tua.*

¶ *Can he be* Faire, *that withers at a Blaſt?*
*Or he be* Strong, *that Ayery Breath can caſt?*
*Can he be* Wiſe, *that knowes not how to liue?*
*Or he be* Rich, *that nothing hath to giue?*
*Can he be* Yong, *that's Feeble, Weake, and Wan?*
*So* Faire, *ſo* Strong, *ſo* Wiſe, *ſo* Rich, *ſo* Yong *is* Man:
*So Faire is* Man, *that* Death *(a parting Blaſt)*
*Crops his faire Flow'r, and makes him* Earth *at laſt;*
*So Strong is* Man, *that with a Gaſping* Breath
*He totters, and bequeaths his Strength to* Death;
*So Wiſe is* Man, *that if with* Death *he ſtriue,*
*His Wiſdome cannot teach him how to liue;*
*So Rich is* Man, *that (all his* Debts *b'ing pay'd)*
*His wealth's the* Winding-ſheet *wherein hee's lay'd:*
*So Yong is* Man, *that (broke with* Care *and* Sorrow)
*Hee's old enough to Day, to* Dye to Morrow:
*Why bragg'ſt thou then, Thou* Worme *of Fiue foot-long?*
*Th'art neither* Faire, *nor* Strong, *nor* Wiſe, *nor* Rich,
*(nor* Yong.

I Thurſt; *And who ſhall quench this Eager* Thurſt?
I Grieue; *And with my* griefe *my Heart will Burſt*;
I Grieue, *becauſe* I thurſt *without Reliefe*;
I Thurſt, *becauſe my Soule is burnt with* Griefe;
I thurſt; *And (dri'd with* Griefe) *my Heart will Dye*;
I Grieue, *and* thurſt *the more, For Sorrow's* drie:
*The more I* grieue, *the more my* thurſt *appeares*:
*Would God! I had not grieu'd out all my* teares;
I Thurſt; *And yet my Griefes haue made a* Floud;
*But* Teares *are ſalt*; *I* Grieue, *and* Thurſt *for* Bloud;
I Grieue *for* Bloud; *for* Bloud *muſt ſend* Reliefe;
I Thurſt *for* Bloud, *for* Bloud *muſt eaſe my* Griefe;
I Thurſt *for* ſacred *Bloud of a Deare* Lambe;
I Grieue *to thinke from* whence *that Deare* Blood *came*;
*'Twas ſhed for* Mee, *O let me drinke my* fill,
*Although my* Griefe *remaine* Entier *ſtill:*
*O ſoueraigne Pow'r of that Vermilion* SPRING,
*Whoſe Vertue, neither* Heart *conceiues, nor* Tongue can (ſing.

## 3 *Fraus Mundi.*

I *Loue the* World *(as Clients loue the* Lawes)
*To manage the vprightnes of my* Cauſe;
*The* World *loues me, as Sheepheards doe their* Flocks,
*To* Rob, *and* ſpoyle *them of their fleecy Locks*;
*I loue the* World, *and vſe it as mine* Inne,
*To bait, and reſt my tyred* Carkaſſe *in*:
*The* World *loues* me, *For what? To make her* Game;
*For filthy* Sinne, *ſhe ſels me timely* Shame;
*Foorth from her* Eyes *doe Springs of* Venome *burſt*,
*But like a* Baſiliske *I'le ſee her* firſt;
*And this my firme intended Courſe ſhall be*,
*To poyſon* her, *or ſhe will poyſon me*:
*We liue at* Iarres, *as froward Gamesters doe*,
*Still* guarding, *not* Regarding *others Foe*;
*I loue the World, to* ſerue my turne, *and leaue her*,
*'Tis no* Deceit *to* Coozen *a* Deceiuer;
*Shee'l not miſſe me, I, leſſe the World ſhall miſſe*,
*To loſe a* World *of* Griefe, *t' enioy a* World *of* Bliſſe.

Earth

# 4 *Gloria Cœli.*

EArth *ſtands immou'd, and* Fixt, *Her Cituation*
*Admits no locall* Change, *no Alteration,*
HEAVEN *alway* moues, *renuing ſtill his place,*
*And euer ſees vs with another* Face;
EARTH *ſtandeth* Fixt, *yet there I liue* oppreſt;
HEAVEN *alway moues, yet there is all my* Reſt:
*Enlarge thy ſelfe, my* SOVLE, *with* Meditation,
*Mount there, and there beſpeake thy* Habitation;
*Where* Ioyes *are full, and pure, not mixt with mourning,*
*All Endleſſe, and from which is no returning:*
*No* Theft, *no Cruell* Murther *harbours there,*
*No Hoary-headed-*Care, *no ſudden* Feare,
*No pinching* Want, *no (Griping faſt)* Oppreſſion,
*Nor* Death, *the* ſtipend *of our foule* Tranſgreſſion:
*But deareſt* Friendſhip, Loue, *and laſting* Pleaſure
*Aye there abides, withouten ſtint, or* Meaſure;
Fulneſſe *of* Riches, Comfort *ſempeternall,*
Exceſſe *without a ſurfeiting*; *And* Life Eternall.

*The*

## 5 *Dolor Inferni.*

THe Trump *ſhall blow, The* Dead *(awak'd) ſhall riſe,*
*And to the* Clouds *ſhall turne their wondring* Eyes;
*The* Heauen *ſhall ope, The* Bridegroome *foorth ſhall come,*
*To* iudge *the World, and giue the World her* Doome:
Ioy *to the* IVST, *to others Endleſſe* SMART;
*To* thoſe *the Voyce bids* COME, *to* theſe, DEPART;
DEPART *from* LIFE, *yet (dying)* liue *for* Euer;
*For Euer* dying *be, and yet* Dye Neuer;
DEPART *like* Dogs, *with* DIVELS *take your lot;*
DEPART *like* DIVELS, *for* I know you not;
*Like* DOGS, *like* DIVELS *goe, Goe Howle, and Barke;*
DEPART *in* DARKNES, *for your* deeds *were Darke;*
*Let* roring *be your* MVSICK, *And your* Food
*Be fleſh of* VIPERS, *And your Drinke, their* BLOOD;
*Let* FIENDS *afflict thee, with* REPROCH, *and* SHAME,
DEPART, DEPART *into Eternall* FLAME:
*If* HELL *the Guerdon then of* Sinners *bee,*
*(Lord) giue me* HEL *on Earth (Lord) giue me* HEAVEN
*(with thee.*

—vv—vv— *Iam Deſine Tibia verſus.*

*FINIS.*

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION